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The Valenian

Valparaiso High School

Published By
The Class of Nineteen Twenty One
Fifth Issue

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To

PROF. H. M. JESSEE

our Principal, whose untiring efforts have
ever been devoted to the best interests
of V. H. S., and whose friendship
we shall always cherish, we,
the Class of 1921, re-
spectfully dedicate
this, our

VALENIAN.

PROF. C. W. BOUCHER
Superintendent of Schools

H. R. Ball
Treasurer

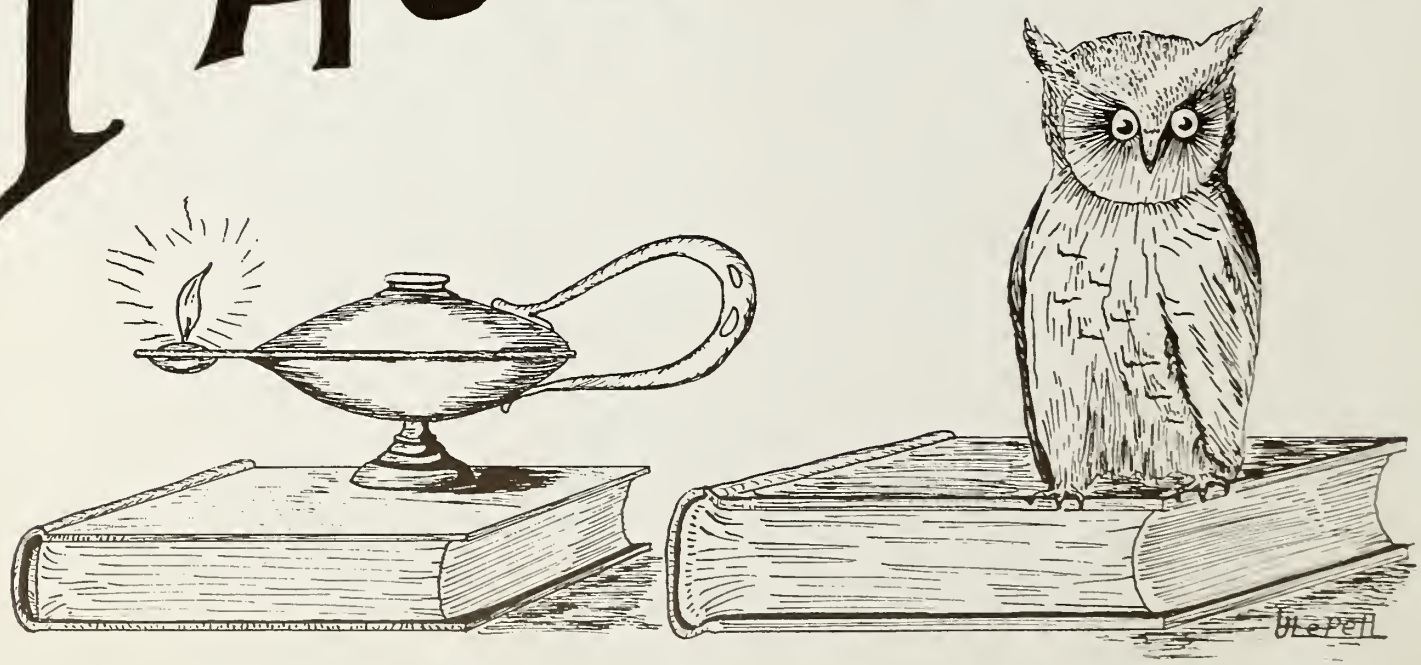
E. L. Loomis
President

M. J. Drapier
Secretary

OUR SCHOOL BOARD

These men, together with Professor Boucher, are the "powers that be" in the School City of Valparaiso. Though they prefer, as they say, to remain in the background, it has been decreed that they shall receive what little recognition lies within our power to give them. These public servants execute a difficult office in an admirable manner. Their service can be best judged by the fact that we hear no adverse criticism of their administration. Few School Boards enjoy such a state of affairs. We honor them for their success. That success is assured with the Superintendent they have wisely provided, Prof. Boucher. His success is assured through the excellent corps of teachers he has provided.

FACULTY.



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"WE ARE BLESSED"

Have you noticed how the graduates of V. H. S. cherish the greatest love for the old H. S.; how ex-students make it a visit whenever opportunity affords? It cannot be because of memories associated with the vine-covered buildings or the shaded nooks of rock-bordered campus paths. It cannot be our perfectly-appointed gymnasium, auditorium, laboratories, shops, swimming tanks or educational movies. All these things we have not. One explanation remains for this unquestionably strong devotion—the Faculty. There "we are blessed".

Never was there a body of able instructors so devoted to the great aim of education, "to start a man inside so that he can go himself". It is not their great fund of knowledge and ability to impart it that occasions this feeling entirely, but their willingness to work with the ambitious students and encourage the slow ones. Then, too, they encourage our class activities, although every one means extra work for themselves. Time seems not to be a factor with them, for they labor over our standings with patience that "passeth all understanding" long after hours. We hold this faculty, whose unselfish interest in ourselves and whose industry makes possible our breadth of activity, and consequently our wealth of happy memories, in the most sincere respect, and try to reciprocate their spirit of co-operation.

H. M. Jessee
Principal
Algebra

Minnie C. McIntyre
Assistant Principal
History and Civics

Helen M. Benney
English

Claude O. Pauley
Science

OLIE WELTY
Latin

MADELINE ASHTON
French

VERA SIEB
English and History

CLARE MCGILLICUDDY
Mathematics and Latin

ELLA BROOK
Domestic Art

RALPH SCHENCK
Manual Training

MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW
Domestic Science

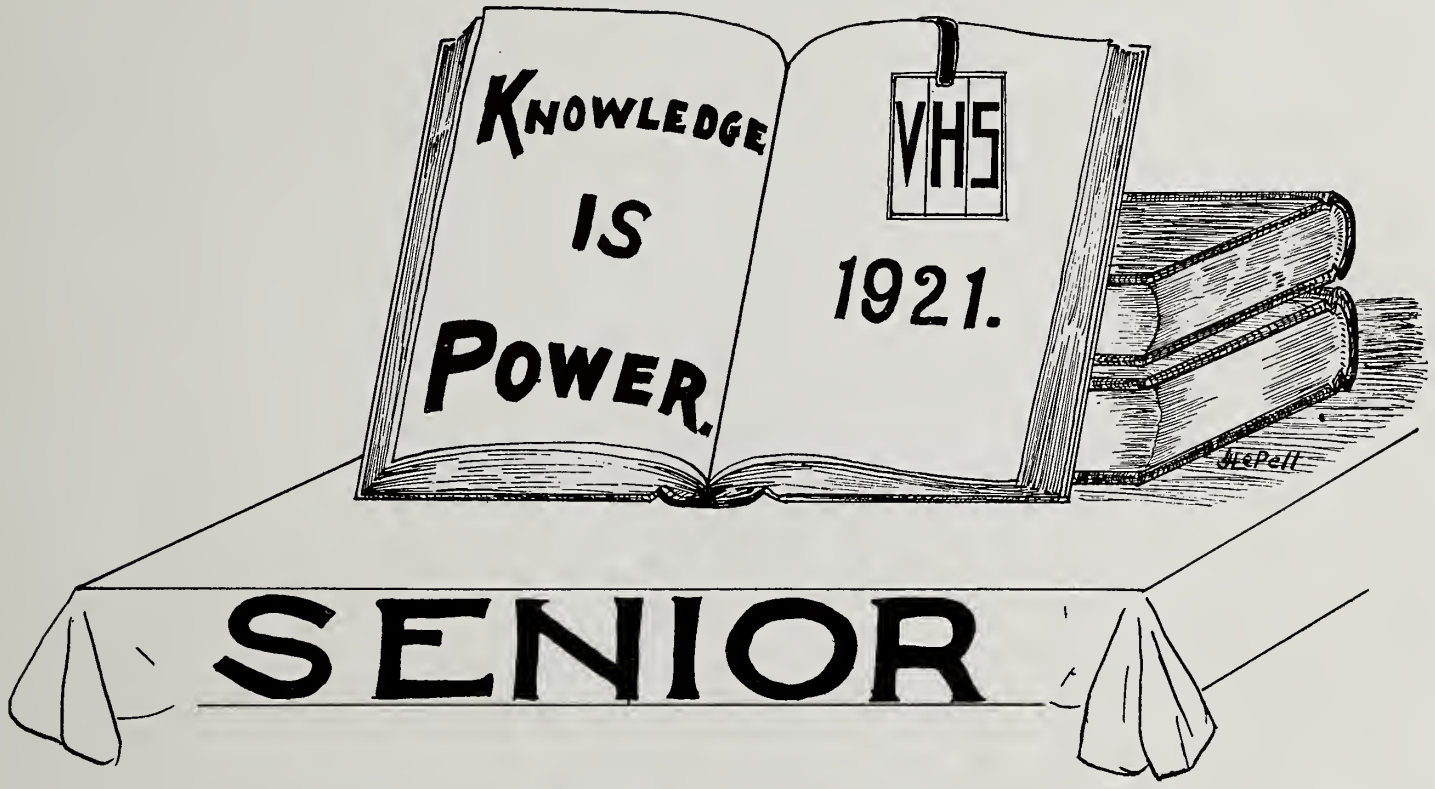
GLADYS M. STANFORD
Mathematics and English

J. L. NEWTON
Commercial

HELEN JACK
Commercial

JUVA N. HIGBEE
Music

MARTHA BOUCHER
Secretary


KNOWLEDGE
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VHS
1921.
H.E.Pell
SENIOR

Valeria Alt
Harry Atwell
Dorothy Bartholomew
Hallie Blachly
Ruth Blachly
Anna Boryczko
Joseph Boryczko
Gillett Bowman
Myrtle Bundy
Anna Christy
Marjorie Cole
Mable Collins
Stephen Corboy
Warren Dee
Harry Deu
Susann DeVroe
Harriet Erickson
Richard Fabing
Bernard Finnigan
Helen Green
George Hauff

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

President, Roger Wilson

Vice-President, Harry Atwell

Secretary and Treasurer, Charles Scott.

Supervisor, H. M. Jessee

MOTTO: *Rowing, not drifting*

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

George Johnson
Mildred Jordan
Eva Keene
Herbert Krull
Bessie Long
Bartlett Marimon
Thomas Marimon
Thomas Morony
Laura Neet
Coraellene Perkins
Muriel Rosenberger
Otis Sanford
Charles Scott
Edith Small
Phyllis Stinchfield
Dorothy Williams
Florence Williams
Roger Wilson
Harold Wood
Edna Grace Zemer

HARRY ATWELL

Vice-President, Boys' Glee Club, Class Football.

Harry's well-measured tread helps to maintain the Senior Class dignity. He came to us from the country and is generally useful. He is one of the veterans of the Boys' Glee Club. Something of his good-natured tolerance can be readily seen in the picture.

VALERIA ALT

Valeria is a quiet, unassuming member of our class, an untiring worker and booster of all activities.

HALLIE BLACHLY

Hallie is studious and quiet, but always cheerful. She never fails to respond to a friendly smile. For this the Freshies adore her.

DOROTHY BARTHOLOMEW

Senior Play, Corduroy Revue, Oratorical, Joke Editor.

She came to us four years ago, from Malden. What it would be like to be without her is impossible to imagine. She is one of those who have helped to hold the class average high. Send us more, Malden!

GILLETT BOWMAN

Staff Photographer, Class Baseball, Football.

When "Lett" came to the High School one January a few years ago, he decided to finish in three years. He did it, and with a high standing, by dint of hard labor and no dates until he became old enough (a Senior). We like him. I've said a mouthful.

RUTH BLACHLY

Girls' Glee Club, Music Editor, Corduroy Revue, Athletic Association, Mikado Cast.

Ruth has been judged the most polite girl in High School; she certainly is the most popular. She makes all the masculine sex her slaves and selects whom she will for chief slave. They stand for it. She can come through long, tiresome rehearsals smiling just like that, and oh! how she can sing! "Where shall we find another?"

ANNA BORYCZKO

Calendar Editor, Corduroy Revue, Girls' Glee Club.

Anna likes to memorize quotations for Miss Benney, the longer the better. She is also one of the five girls with nerve enough to tackle Physics. She is not lacking by any means when it comes to dark gray matter.

JOSEPH BORYCZKO

Orchestra, Class Basketball, Class Baseball.

Never, never, could anyone fill Jo's place in the orchestra. His tuneful airs, drawn from the quivering strings of his violin, are unsurpassed. He used to be bashful, but Bessie has cured him.

MYRTLE BUNDY

Her voice is gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman. Myrtle is truly good to look at—a cheering sight to see.

MARJORIE COLE

Glee Club.

Sweet-faced Marjorie—she makes such learned recitations in English, and Oh! her reports in Civics! How does she do it? Such things as that invariably bring one fame. She might even be a lawyer when she leaves the shelter of the protecting walls of our V. H. S.

ANNA CHRISTY

Glee Club.

She hardly looks old enough to graduate but that is what she is going to do. And she always gets good grades, too. In addition, she is kind hearted and has made many true friends during her high school days.

STEPHEN CORBOY

Assistant Business Manager, Assistant Manager "Mikado," Class Baseball and Football, High School Yell Leader, Manager of Corduroy Revue, Play.

Steve puts the bright red spice into our daily grind. His English recitations are the delights of our hearts and Miss Benney's secret failing. His logical reasoning, built on false premises, and his ability to make up in imagination what he lacks in exact knowledge add charm to his silver-tongued dissertations. Words fail me; memories of Steve never will.

WARREN DEE

Boys' Glee Club, Class Basketball and Football.

Mr. Boucher is first to arrive at school, then comes Warren. "The captains and the kings depart," but Warren stays so late that he must let himself out by the fire escape. Such constancy at work will some day be abundantly rewarded. Besides, many have taken advantage of his good-natured willingness to help when there is work to be done.

MABEL COLLINS

Glee Club.

She is a model student—she studies always, and never, never disturbs anyone. So she gains good grades, and Mr. Jessee's good favor at the same time.

SUSANNE DE VROE

Glee Club.

A petite French maiden, is it not so? Lately from Hammond, though with us for three years. Unassuming, but friendly and of a truly charming personality.

HARRY DEU

Oratorical, Class Baseball and Football.

Harry comes to us from the country and we are glad of it. He used to gladden us all with his reports in Civics. In our presidential campaign and in the oratorical he displayed his ability. He is one of those pluggers who always come out on top.

1921 VHS

RICHARD FABING

Orchestra, Class Football.

"Rit," bless his old trombone, is one of the reasons the Class of '21 will be sadly missed. As the conversational center of a bevy of feminine loveliness his blarney absolutely scintillates. Furthermore, his devotion to public duty as a Voluteer Fireman, keeps Miss Higbee anxious that there be no fires during an orchestra recital.

HARRIET ERICKSON

She has not been with us so very long, she came but last fall, from Peotone, Ill., but that has been long enough for us to see that she is a very willing worker, and that we would have been fortunate to have had her longer.

HELEN GREEN

Corduroy Revue.

To be good is to be happy. This must be Helen's motto, unlike that of the fair Helen of Troy, for we never saw her otherwise. In addition she is always ready and willing and a hard worker.

BERNARD FINNIGAN

Boys' Glee Club, Carnival, Oratorical, Class Football, Play.

From Bernard's last name it can be readily seen why he was unanimously appointed the "Hindu" in the Carnival. His eagerness for argument enlivens his classes and made him a strong contender for oratorical honors. We like him, he is not hard to find when there is work to be done.

GEORGE HAUFF

Staff, Boy's Glee Club, Class Football, Rings and announcements committee.

"Lucky Boy!" (sigh-Ed)..... John is right there when there are pins or announcements to select. In committee work and all class activities we owe him much of the credit for their success. We like him, so does Ruth, (same business-Ed.)

MILDRED JORDAN

Glee Club.

Mildred has a classic profile, but a more modern taste. She is one of the few who had sufficient courage to attempt a third year of Latin.

EVA KEENE

Glee Club, Corduroy Revue.

Modest, and even a little bashful we'd call her, with quiet ways and a sweet smile. Possibly this same sweet smile is responsible for the constant male devotion shown her.

GEORGE JOHNSON

Class Football.

"That boy a Senior! He's too young." That's all right he is and he's lucky not to have so many "Seenyer" airs. Think of how easily he can adjust himself to being a college Freshman. George showed flashes of absolute brilliancy in Civics.

1921 VHS

HERBERT KRULL

Class Football and Baseball.

"Herb" is a privileged character. He can come in late in the morning without a private session with Mr. Jessee at 4:00. Y'see he delivers milk. He is built like a man and he works like one, possessing the perspiration perequisite, he is 99% genius.

BESSIE LONG

Corduroy Revue, Oratorical, Class Historian, Play.

She has always been one of our hardest working members. And not only does she get good grades, but she is very popular, as one who has ever a kindly word to say naturally would be.

LAURA NEET

Asst. Editor, Corduroy Revue, Girls Glee Club.

Here they are together! Laura has held the scholastic supremacy of our class unmenaced throughout its H. S. career. Besides this she is easy to look at. Phew! What a combination.

BARTLETT MARIMON

Athletic Ed. Varsity Basketball and Football, Class Basketball, and Football, Boy's Glee Club, Quartette, Play.

"Bart" is built just right. That explains his athletic activity, he was the only senior on the Varsity Basket-ball team. His voice is just right, a ringing deep bass. That explains his musical activity. He is a veteran of the Boy's Glee Club and will certainly be missed there. His personality is right. That explains his numerous friends.

THOMAS MARIMON

Student Football Manager, Class Basketball and Baseball, Boys' Glee Club, "Mikado" cast, Quartette, Athletic Assn.

Tom, a charter member of the society of "Dintys", is an optimist. Look at his picture. He sings, he acts, he plays ball, and he works. He is a gifted mechanic and drives the car with the biggest heart in Valparaiso. Besides this he can promote real social functions. Surely the "world shall tread in a hard, beaten path to his door."

CORAELLENE PERKINS

Another new member, who hails from LaPorte. We always thought LaPorte was a nice little town, and now we know it. She intends to be a good citizen for she is one of Miss McIntyre's protegees.

MURIEL ROSENBERGER

With her pink cheeks, brown hair, and friendly eyes, Muriel is not hard to look at. And that she is the object of many appraising glances no one will deny.

THOMAS MORONY

Business Mgr. "Mikado" Cast, Boys' Glee Club, Orchestra, Oratorical, Class Basket-ball, Baseball and Football, Class Pres. '18, '19, Pres. Music Club '20, '21, Play.

"Dinty" sings, plays the saxaphone, acts and talks. He manages business affairs or what have you. He wins oratorical contests. Already his name is famous in Valparaiso. His success, the result of a combination of persistent hard work and a natural initiative, well merits the respect of his associates and classmates.

OTIS SANFORD

Mikado Cast, Quartette, Boys' Glee Club, President (1920), Treasurer Music Club (1920, '21), Treasurer Athletic Association, Oratorical, Editor in Chief, Class Basketball and Baseball.

We would say that he has all he could desire—a wonderful voice, good looks, lots of brains, popularity, and everything.

EDITH SMALL

Glee Club, Senior Play, Winner of Oratorical, Staff of Boomerang, Society Editor, Corduroy Revue.

This gifted young person, though small as her name suggests, looms large in our annals. Being both musical and dramatically inclined and generally clever, she has naturally had a generous share of the plums in the pudding.

PHYLLIS STINCHFIELD

Girls' Glee Club, Corduroy Revue, Class Treasurer ('20), Athletic Association.

"Phil" is popular, there is no question about it. Easy to look at, easy to talk to, willing to work, and always optimistic, are just a few of the reasons. But y'see they are irresistible.

CHARLES SCOTT

"Charlie" is one of our veteran class members. He went to Culver last summer, but has recovered all right, becoming quite useful. He is class treasurer but still popular. That's a mouthful.

ROGER WILSON

Senior Pres., Orchestra, Class Football and Baseball.

"Rod" represents the acme of musical talent in a talented class. His instruments are trombone, cornet, baritone, and bass viol. He has been able to croon us to sleep with his "human-voiced" trombone since his Freshman year. He is class president, that means popularity plus. He has a new Ford Sedan, that means popularity plussest. One of his outstanding characteristics is generosity.

FLORENCE WILLIAMS

Glee Club.

We have many song-birds in our class, of whom this is another. There are rumors that she is not going to lead a solitary life. Don't tell anybody! It's a secret.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS

Glee Club, Oratorical.

She has been a firm supporter of the class during our whole career. Always pleasant, and always ready to lend a helping hand, is the recommendation we give her.

HAROLD WOOD

Boys' Glee Club, Play, Quartette, Class Basketball, Baseball and Football, Staff Typist, Orchestra.

Harold perceived the glorious splendor of the class of '21 from far off Sidney, Illinois, and immediately broke his home ties and left a happy married life to add lustre to that splendor in its final year, for which we are duly thankful. He sings, plays the cornet, acts, and makes himself so perpetually agreeable that his popularity with both sexes is not to be wondered at. All of us feel as if we had known him for years.

EDNA GRACE ZEMER

Glee Club, Staff of Boomerang.

She came from Oak Park, and has been with us only one year, but in that time she has made herself well-known. She is one of the frank, hearty, type, always popular.

HOW doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour."

Our bee hive contains forty-one of these industrious, and useful little insects; and there are no drones among us, for each member of the class has been as "busy as a bee" throughout our High School course.

It is an established fact that those who are occupied with work have no time for mischief, and we can verify this time-honored saying by the liberal sprinkling of the letters E and G on the report cards of Seniors. Even during our spare moments we drew up a "Good Citizenship" code, and contributed a wealth of brilliant ideas and valuable literary works to our school paper, "The Boomerang."

During our Freshman year we were so engrossed in the study of English, Latin, and Algebra and in trying to uphold our dignity among the haughty upper classmen, that we had little time for outside activities.

When we were Sophomores and had overcome our bashfulness and gained more self-respect we began to take part in athletics and social stunts. It was during this year that music was added to the school schedule under the direction of Miss Higbee. When the Glee Clubs were organized a number of our class immediately joined them and contributed a great deal of melody and we hope but few discords to the harmony. During this year the music club presented the operetta, "The Little Tycoon", which will go down in history as a great success.

In our Junior year a number of our members again took part in the operetta "Captain Crossbones." In search of further employment we decided to help the Seniors with their vaudeville, so five of our class took part in that. We also gave a picnic and prom for the Seniors which distinctly proved our social abilities.

This is our last year, and we have illustrated our originality by varying from the usual trial or vaudeville as

a means of raising money, and giving instead a class carnival, which was a success from both a social and financial standpoint. On January 14th we gave the annual Oratorical Contest in which eight of our members participated; and although we do not know whether any of them will ever become orators, we have discovered that they have that talent. The class has always taken an active part in athletics; and it has shown its dramatic ability in the opera "The Mikado" and again in the Senior play.

At the beginning of our Junior Year we chose Mr. Jessee for our class supervisor and in our Senior Year he was again unanimously elected. As a class we owe him a debt of gratitude for the loyal way in which he has stood by us and assisted us in both our work and our play.

Now after four years of careful instruction under the queens of the bee hive, we are going out into the world of industry to build for ourselves a hive, perhaps minute, or possibly on a large scale; but whether it is large or small we are determined that it shall be one of success and service.

—*Bessie Long.*

YOU

AS the days are gettin' shorter
And the frost is in the air
And you're feelin' just like livin'
From your heels up to your hair,

Is it just the winter weather
Which puts spring into your step,
Or is there something deeper
That gives you all that "pep"?

Is it not the joy of knowin'
That you've got some work to do,
That life lies fresh before you,
And the slate's a clean one, too?

Do you not get inspiration
From your kin and friends a few,
Who have faith beyond all question
In that one individual—You?

—*Thomas Morony.*

SENIOR A, B, C's

A—is for Atwell, so sober and true,
As our Vice-president he'll surely do.
B—is for Bernard, who is full of fun,
He ushers at the movies when school work is done.
C—is for Charles, who is fond of the girls,
His particular favorites are those who have curls.
D—is for Deu, who is always in luck,
And also for Dorothy, who is quite fond of Buck.
E—is for Edith and Eva so tall,
The one very Keene, the other quite Small.
F—is for Fabing, we confess he's quite fat.
But everyone likes him in spite of all that.
G—is for George, both Johnson and Hauff,
And also for Gillett, some kid, sure 'nuff.
H—is for Helen and Hallie we'll say,
All round dandy girls at work or at play.
I—is for the one who has written this poem,
Who thinks it best that her name be unknown.
J—is for Joe, whose sister is Anna,
When he plays violin, she plays the piano.
K—is for Krull, and Kole phonetically spelled,
By each a good record has always been held.
L—is for Laura, who is fond of the pear,
But insists that the Bartlett is the one most rare.
M—is for Mildred, Myrtle and the Mables two,
Girls of this letter are more than a few.
N—is for the Nights we studied so late,
Providing, of course, that we had not a date.
O—is for Otis, who has a wonderful voice,
For Editor-in-chief he was our choice.
P—is for Phil, and also for Pat,
Pretty and popular and all of that.
Q—is for quiet Muriel and Anna C.,
In spite of small voices they always get "E."
R—is for Roger, the president of our class,
Who with his good looks could win many a lass.
S—is for Steve whose hair is not black,
Also for Susan, who for friends does not lack.
T—is for Tom, of whom we have two,
And that meaneth much, for both are true blue.
U—is for University which we hope to attend,
When our High School work has come to an end.
V—is for Valeria, the modest and prudent,
But nevertheless a very good student.
W—is for Williams, the sisters fair,
Also for Warren and Wood I'll declare.
X—we'll let equal the fun we have had,
And now to leave our High School makes us sad.
Y—is for the freshness and charms of all youth,
I'm sure you'll agree 'tis found in our Ruth.
Z—is for Zemer, our Edna Grace,
Last but not least, she takes her place.

ONWARD, FELLOW CLASSMATES !

NWARD, fellow classmates,
Starting out in life,
With our banner o'er us,
Daunted not in strife;
Green and gold our emblem,
This our motto true,
Do the nearest duty
That we find to do.

Leave we, alma mater,
Never to return,
Each one ever striving
Lessons new to learn.
Courage, truth and honor,
What is just, the right,
Helping all the weaker
To gain greater might.

We must win all battles,
Ever do our best,
And throughout the future
Honor V. H. S.
Then as we look backward,
When our work is done,
We will have the gladness
Of a race well run.

—Bernard Finnigan.

SCHOOL DAYS

UR High School days are slipping by
'Tis the last semester of the year,
Our hopes, our aims, still incomplete,
Bid us our comrade's efforts cheer.

These golden days of all the years,
From care and trouble free,
Which give us all our mind can grasp
Of joy and energy.

The lessons we are learning here
Will follow us through life;
The Golden Rule applied in all
Will help us 'midst the strife.

While aiming for the highest good
May nothing interfere
To mar the pleasure, daunt the soul,
E'er the closing of this year.

The High School days will soon be ended.
Our friends will go their way.
But the pleasant hours and the thoughts here spoken
Will live for many a day.

—Myrtle Bundy.

JUNIOR

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

President, Dorothy Dodge

Vice-President, Russel Nixon

Secretary and Treasurer, Glen Mitzner

Supervisor, C. O. Pauley

Mariann Albright
Mary Allison
Autumn Bartholomew
Edward Billings
Gerald Burke
Siegfred Becker
Frederick Christy
Kenneth Cleveland
Charles Coyer
Catherine Darst
Dorothy Dee
Philip Deery
Dorothy Dodge
Paul Ellis
Frances Hartmann
Victor Hembroff
Doris Hodges
Mary Howard
Ivan Hayhurst
Annette Ketchum
Lyal Kuehl
Mildred Kull
Frances Kulp
Kenneth Lawrence
Nellie Loomis
Willard Lowe
Loring LePell
Emily Marine
Velma Miller
Glen Mitzner
Ruth Montgomery
Joseph Murvihill
Ruth Neff
Russell Nixon
Howard Oldham
Mildred Peregrine
Constance Parker
Mildred Ritz
Cecil Rathmann
Mary Sanford
Earl Scott
Mable Sholes
Randall Shepherd
Isadore Simon
Margaretta Shinabarger
Ronald Stoner
Burdette Tatlock
Frances Tilton
Dorothy Todd
Richard Wallace
Dorothy Wark
Geneva White
Blanche Wininger
Elizabeth Wyman
Lucile Wheeler
Vivian Worstell

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Scene—Science Room.

Freshman, Sophomore, and Senior sitting at table talking.

SENIOR:—We are gathered here to commend and laud the Juniors for their presence in our midst during the past year. According to the old adage "Still water runs deep" I am confident that we may find many things of value accomplished by the reserved Juniors.

I have witnessed the progress of this class ever since it entered high school, and the manner in which it took hold of the curriculum during that first year astonished even the faculty. During their Sophomore year this class became ardent basket ball fans, the climax being reached when they presented each member of the team and the coach with a box of candy.

To Sophomore:—During the last year I have been so occupied with my own affairs that I have noticed very little else, and as it is a Sophomore's duty to know everything, I presume you can tell us more about the activities of the Juniors this year.

Sophomore:—I can inform you to good advantage I am sure; and, as I have no Prom., Reception or Graduation to take up my time and attention, it is, as you say, my business to know and be known (sophisticated, you know.) I have not yet become accustomed to praising anyone but myself so I can only say that the Junior edition of the Boomerang was nearly as good as ours. The dramatic program rendered by boys of the Junior class was good in two respects, it furnished excellent amusement for the assembly, and it relieved us from quotations. The work of the participants is also to be applauded.

Ronald Stoner would make a fine Uncle Tom wouldn't he? I will now turn the tale over to the Freshman for completion.

Freshman:—I have had very little intercourse with the Juniors, in fact with anyone, because it has taken all my surplus energy to keep myself concealed from the upperclassmen. We did, however, conflict with the Juniors in foot-ball and were lucky to get out alive. Nevertheless, I must bear them no ill-feeling as they have charge of the chief social events of the year, which means that I expect a bid to the Prom. Though the days of wine and ale are passed, I, for one, drink to the health of the Juniors.

Senior:—Let's drink to the Juniors.

Sophomore:—What'll we drink?

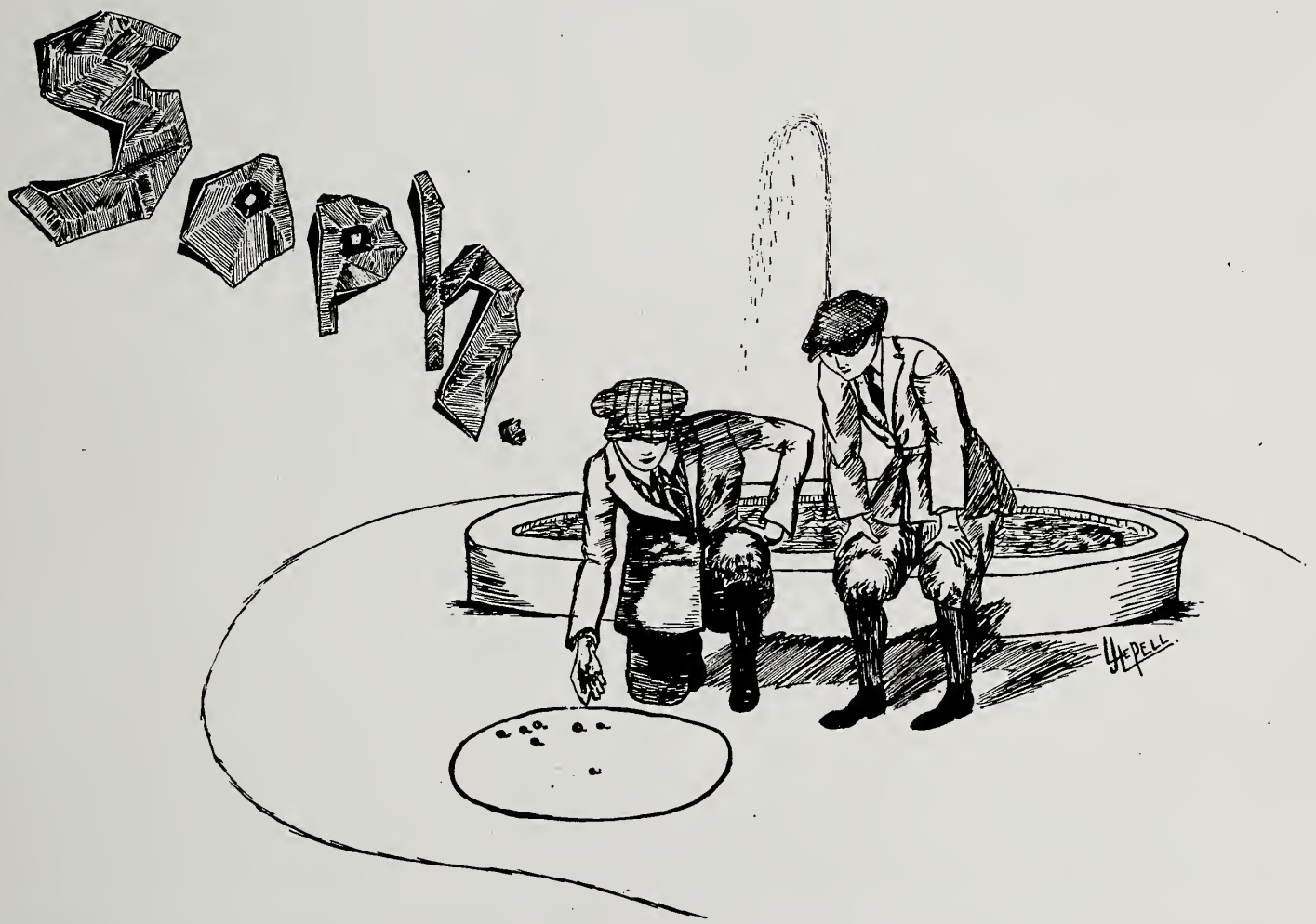
Senior:—Oh, water's good enough.

(Supplies each with a glass of water.)

All:—Here's to our Junior classmates, to C. O. Pauley too,

Here's to the class that always does what it sets out to do.

—*Ruth Neff.*


Soph.
HEPELL.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

President, Merle Dowdell

Secretary and Treasurer, Charles Riddle

Vice President, Ernest Higley

Supervisor, Miss Madeline Ashton

George Allbright
Arnold Blaese
Clarence Butterfield
Bruce Bornholt
George Bently
Jessee Bowman
William Blaese
Harold Bailly
Leslie Comefort
Andrew Collins
Thomas Clifford
Merle Dowdell
Frank Duncan
Daniel Erwin
Harry Field
Paul Fisher
Howard Glover
Ernest Higley
Glen Keene
Lynn Keene
Walter Krull
Kenneth Larson
Hubert Miller
Dickey Mitchell
Woodburn McCallum
Edward O'Connel
Charles Parker
Charles Riddle
Paul Stevenson
DeForest Seymour
Samuel Simon
Charles Thune
Harry Wade
Byron Wright
Ralph Brenner
Margaret Bartholomew
Jessie Card
Louise Cobb
Ruth Crossland
Delphine Corson
Elizabeth Clutter
Dorothy Dayton
Clarrisa Ely
Irene Field
Alice Fabing
Helen Gustafson
Edna Greene
Berniece Hughart
Ruth Hershman
Almira Horner
Luella Kuehl
Eva Kruse
Ethel Krudup
Audrey Lish
Alice Ludington
Rozella Meister
Alberta Muster
Thelma McMillen
Wilma Maxwell
Alice Parker
Dorothy Pierce
Edith Richards
Virginia Rathjen
Eva Roach
Florence Stansell
Gladys Sherburne
Mary Stoner
Edith Stoner
Irene Szold
Margaret Timmons
Ceceilia Trahan
Irene Whistler
Edna Vosburgh
Ella Mae Vevia
Ruth Van Arstel
Ruth Wittenburg
Charlotte Wulff
Elleanor Zeller

HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORES

ON the first Monday in September we Sophomores set sail from Sophomoreville on our journey to Juniorburg, which is one the Valparaiso High School river, aboard the good ship "Mary Josephine." The voyage proved uneventful to some, but to the greater part of us, it was very eventful. We stopped and explored part of the cave of Geometry in which some of us were lost. Then after we left Geometry cave, we decided to finish climbing Latin Mountain. This proved comparatively easy going to some of us but the rest kept stumbling over the rocks of ablative absolutes and Indirect Discourse. We at last reached the summit of the mountain. Now History Creek runs under Latin Mountain, so, we thought we would explore it. We all rented boats from the boatman, Miss Sieb, and hired her to guide us up the river. We had little or no trouble going up the river and back again. We then went back to the "Mary Josephine" and had a party and general good time. Later we explored the glens of English. The chasm of Debating was spanned by a rickety old bridge, which proved unsafe for some of us who fell into boiling waters below. The rest of our voyage proved very uneventful until we saw the glittering city of Junorburg beckoning to us. General rejoicing took place and we prepared to land. Having arrived at our destination, we found that some of our members were missing. Here we were to wait until the good ship "Star of the East" should arrive to take us to Seniorvale and to the mouth of the Valparaiso High School river, where we would start out in the gulf of College to parts unknown.

—*Charles Parker.*

THE WISE FROG

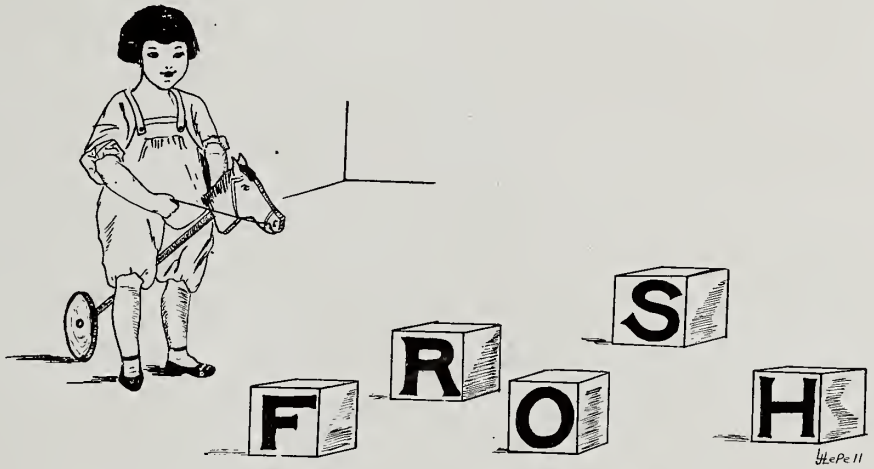
ONE spring day when the sky was clear,
A frog said to another, "Listen, dear,
Let's leave this brook and travel on,
Across the field, where there's a pond.

"There we will meet a friend,
And our time in various ways shall spend,
While in this brook there is nothing at all,
Which for us is entirely too small."

In reply to this the other frog said,
"You better get that out of your head,
For in the summer when the days grow hot,
The waters in the pond will drop.

"Although this brook is very small,
It will not dry up in the fall, at all,
And together we will be happy, dear,
While in our hearts there will be no fear."

—*Joseph Boryczko.*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FRESMAN CLASS ROLL

President, Carroll Marshall
Vice President, Martin Wheeler
Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret Sandy
Supervisor, Miss McGillicuddy

Katherine Alpin
Carolyn Arvin
Howard Aylesworth
Martha Barneko
Lauretta Bassow
Marion Bell
Clarice Benninghoff
Harold Bentley
Earl Bernhart
Marguerite Beyer
Allan Brown
Clarence Brown
Ida Campbell
William Christy
Claude Claussen
Marguerite Clifford
Gladys Coash
Stanley Crossland
Beatrice Darst
Margaret Dee
Alice Dayton
Leona Dorr
Herbert Douglas
George Douglas
Florence Dowdell
Ethel Dowdell
Guilford Dye
John Erler
Howard Eschell
Mable Feece
John Finney
Roland Fisher
Isobel Foster
Helen Gast
Leslie Gaston
Bruce Gordon
Margaret Gustafson
Harold Gustafson
Fred Hall
Vernon Hauff
Mary Hayes
Verona Hicks
Russel Higgins
Phyllis Hisgen
Harry Hildreth
Helen Hodges
Mary Johnston
Richard Jones
Gladys Keene
Marie Kendall
Earl Kingsbury
Jerome Kinney
Joseph Klein
Elden Kuehl
Elizabeth Lamprecht
Miladi Leetz
Milton Leetz
Frederick LePell
Dale Light
Merton Lish
Dorothy Lowe
Marguerite Lunbeck
Carolyn Lytle
John Lytle
Carroll Marshall
Ella Marshall
Mildred Marshall
Lewis Marquardt
Allan McCord
Helen McGinley
Robert Miller
Ruth Mitchell
Ruth Mitzner
Herman Mohnsen
Ann Murvihill
Laura Nehring
Anita Parker
Warren Phillips
Harold Prentiss
Loren Prentiss
Frances Proffitt
Harold Pulver
Dorothy Querry
James Richards
William Ridenbaugh
Margaret Sandy
Blanche Schau
Elizabeth Schenk
Ethel Schrag
Thomas Sergeant
Russell Seymour
Zelma Sherrick
Arthur Shinabarger
Laura Shinabarger
Harold Shurr
Vernal Sheets
Francis Siemiontkowski
Harold Sievers
Casmir Shupe
John Spindler
Ralph Spindler
Leonard Spooner
Maurice Stanton
Bonnie Stoddard
Richard Stoner
Raymond Sundeen
William Thompson
Marjorie Tousley
Ruth Vevia
Leslie Wade
Forrest Watt
Martin Wheeler
Mary Wheeler
Lois Whitehead
Emma Wise
Maye Wise
Myrtle Willing
Wilma Wellsand
Melba Wood
Nathan Worstell
Avis Worstell
Wayne Zerber
Inglebert Zimmerman

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

THE Freshman Class History resembles very much a motion picture, which for the opening scene shows a room full of boys and girls in the act of electing their class president, Carrol Marshall, their vice president, Martin Wheeler, alias "Shorty," and their Secretary treasurer, Margaret Sandy.

Next the audience sees the "Freshie boys" struggling on the gridiron with the upperclassmen. Such men as Light, LePell, Gordon, and Leetz are doing the spectacular work on the field. The next moment the boys and girls of the Freshman Class are laughing and having a good time at their first class party, which was held at Stanley Crossland's. Again the Freshies, at another party, are fooling away their time in the Kindergarten Room.

Next they see the Freshies laboring away at the holiday examinations, some with frowning faces and others with pleasant ones. But who are those blushing boys and girls streaming through the assembly doors? Who are they? Why, the new Freshmen. Welcome! A moment later the audience notices the thinclads playing a basket ball game in the interclass basket ball meet. The Freshmen team, of whom Light and Leetz are stars, wins the Interclass Basket Ball Banner. —*Merton Lish.*

PROPHECY

IN a gloomy night this spring I felt lonely in the old house of my uncle, where I was visiting, and strolled out into the large garden. The clouds were hovering overhead, and occasionally the crescent moon peeped through. It was not extremely dark, but a weird, shadowy night such as witches select when they stir out the lives of mortals. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder. Startled, I stumbled and fell. Immediately there passed before my eyes a succession of pictures. Strange, and yet familiar they seemed. I realized that this must be some sign from the great beyond, of the future of my classmates.

Valeria Alt will live with her husband on a large ranch in Nebraska.

Harry Atwell will be making forceful speeches in Congress, as Congressman from Indiana, on the subject of utilizing the excess sunshine of Siberia.

Dorothy Bartholomow, with the aid of her large, vampish, brown eyes, will become a motion picture star.

Hallie Blachly will receive recognition from the literary critics for her collection of short poems on the trials of a farmer's wife.

Ruth Blachly will be doing noble charity work in the slums of New York City.

Anna Boryczko will be the happy wife of a prosperous Chicago druggist.

Joe Boryczko will be at the head of a chain of grocery stores, and will make his home in Chicago.

Myrtle Bundy will be the proprietress of a "Bake-Rite" shop in Kouts.

Marjorie Cole will be an instructor of voice culture and will have many pupils with no musical ability.

Stephen Corboy will be liquor administrator in Cuba, where his generosity will make him the object of much adoration.

Warren Dee will be a progressive real estate agent in Gary.

Harry Deu will live in a little cottage on a large stock farm. Married? No! He hasn't time to hunt a wife.

Susanne De Vroe will be president of the organized Farmers' Wives of Porter County.

Bernard Finnigan will win fame and fortune by patenting a device for Fords, to keep them from rattling.

Harriet Erickson will be a fruit specialist and will superintend a large persimmon orchard near Los Angeles.

Helen Greene will be happily married and take great pleasure in feeding her large flock of chickens.

George Hauff will make a great success, with his stern look, as principal of Valparaiso's new high school.

George Johnson will be a professor of Phonics in the University of California.

Mildred Jordan will superintend a factory for the manufacture of switches for repentant girls who "bobbed" their tresses.

Anna Christy will be head stenographer at Valparaiso University.

Gillett Bowman will win great renown by proving that the converse of "All men are liars" is not true.

Eva Keene will be the president of a domestic science club in Boston, living with her friend, Mabel Collins, who will be the manager of a beauty parlor.

Herbert Krull will be a distinguished ambassador to Germany.

Bessie Long will be a society leader in Chicago and will never be seen without her poodle.

Bartlett Marimon will be the lawyer for Armour Swift and Co. He will make out their income tax reports.

Thomas Marimon will be Mayor of Valparaiso. He will be highly criticised by all the young people for being instrumental in installing a new lighting system.

Thomas Morony will be the founder of an orchestra which will take New York by storm. Their novelty will be playing music backwards.

Muriel Rosenberger will be the head nurse at the Wesleyan Hospital, Chicago.

Otis Sanford will be editor of the Chicago Tribune. His editorials will make people sit up straight and think.

Edith Small will be a cartoonist for the London Times.

Charles Scott will be selling a hair tonic in Greenland guaranteed to make grass grow 'mid "Greenland's Icy Mountains".

Phyllis Stinchfield will be a Salvation Army lassie, famous for her doughnuts. After a course in Dietetics she will be the proprietress of a pure food restaurant.

Laura Neet will be on the vaudeville stage as a mathematical marvel.

Florence Williams will be traveling in Europe collecting famous works for the Art Institute of Chicago.

Harold Wood will be a dental engineer. He will build bridges in people's mouths.

Coraellene Perkins will be conducting a series of articles in a newspaper as to the best method of reducing.

Edna Grace Zemer will become a W. C. T. U. lecturer, traveling thru the country to deliver her lectures to high school girls.

As the voice ceased, I arose, still somewhat dazed, and returned to the house. It was borne in upon me that this could have been nothing but a heaven-sent message, else so much truth would not have been revealed.

—Dorothy Williams.

DEAR fellow, when our High School days are over,
These happy, happy days,
And we, by unrelenting fate divided,
Pursue our different ways,
Then shall this friendship ever glowing,
Conceive eternal life,
Lighting our path as we struggle onward,
Mid toil and strife.

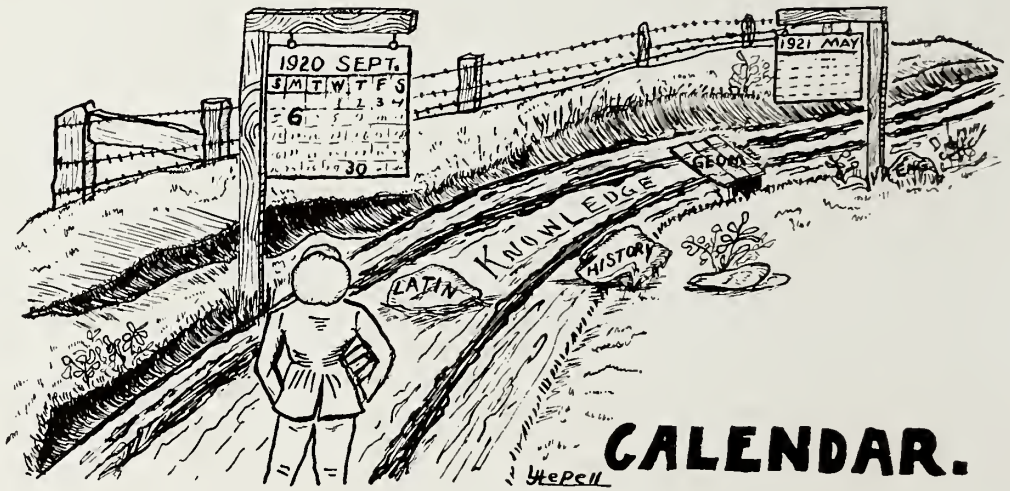
REFLECTIONS ON A SUNNY DAY

O! MOTHER EARTH, so soft and warm,
How bright you seem to-day;
Without a fear of cold or storm
The frisking sunbeams play.

No matter if the day is near
When winter's blasts will blow;
When nights are still and cold and clear,
And white with shimmering snow.

You now are filled with life and song;
Like merry Pipes of Pan.
You lend your music to the throng,
And bless the life of man.

—Edith Small.



CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER

7. We have begun another stage of our journey to success.
8. Everybody's busy finding conflicts. Freshie—"Is the North side of the building on the right or left?" Upperclassman—"Neither, according to the way you are standing now."
9. Professor Winkler at Chapel. After his excellent talk we think that if there was a "stale egg" in high school he has decided to hatch into either a chicken or a rooster.
10. A grand surprise. We have a new pencil sharpener. On with the daily grind.
13. Senior boys come to school in corduroy trousers. The trousers are almost as "bright" as the Seniors themselves.
14. John Lytle, first person attacked by the "sleeping sickness," suddenly cured by a shove from Mr. Jessee.
15. Mr. Jessee gives a speech on the proper way to walk down the steps. Choose your own way going up.
16. First Assembly singing.
17. We have two guards, one on each floor, to make sure we only take one step at a time. Above: Miss Ashton—"Step Up." Below: Miss Welty—"Step Down."
20. First interclass football game. Mr. Jessee and Mr. Pauley friendly enemies.
22. Meeting held for election of Senior officers. Second interclass football game.
23. The appearance of the football stars has slightly changed since yesterday's game.
24. Our longed for spelling lesson this morning. Athletic Association meeting. Good spirit for nearly 100% of the students

have joined the association. Our first disappointment, were not excused to see the football game on the Hill.

27. Laura Neet and Dot Dodge are wearing "cootie garages" to-day. Mr. Jessee gives his annuel speech on love. Juniors, champions of the interclass football tourney.

28. Roland Stoner starts courting Norma Case openly. Juicy Burke gets in a hurry and falls off the platform. Oh, for some more of that kind of speed to relieve the monotony.

29. We wouldn't be surprised to see Prof. Pauley in the circus next year—since he has been cultivating his "slight of hand" in Physics to-day.

30. Mr. Jessee failed to appreciate the efforts of a certain weird humming that occurred in the south west corner of the Assembly this P. M. Maybe it was a Harmony student. Don't doubt it.

OCTOBER

1. Howard Eschell, another of our studious pupils, after Mr. Jessee said that books should not be removed from the platform, brought the large dictinary to his seat.

4. A house adjoining the school burned down yesterady and Mr. Jessee fearing the same might happen to the school issued our first fire instructions. Boys' Glee Club first practice.

5. Gladys Coash was caught helping Kenneth Cleveland sew up the holes in his stockings. Wish we had more such serviceable people. Mr. Jessee searched the waste paper basket. Wonder what's missing? "Paper torn in small bits indicate writing of low character."

6. Second childhood is coming early or perhaps she is not yet out of her first, anyway we saw "Bones" monopolizing the children's slide. Miss Benny actually does not ask Steve to sit straight in his seat during English period. He has tried every seat in the reference room English Class.

7. Herbert Douglas must have been very hungry the third period this P. M., for he slaughtered all the flies in his vicinity. Publishing our first "Boomerang." Ivan Hayhurst doubts the word of no one, for Russ Nixon told him there was no school this P. M. Ivan didn't come and Russ had to go telephone him.

8. Edith Small turns lightweight champion, wears a football for boxing gloves and disturbs the whole assembly. Girls' Glee Club hold their first practice.

11. Lost our first football game to Gary. English VIII was an ideal class to-day. Steve wasn't there.

12. Rev. Carpenter at Chapel. John Lytle falling asleep gets tired of his seat and decides to try the floor. The fifth aisle should be made wider for his benefit.

13. The inter-class basket ball tournament opened with the Seniors defeating the Juniors. Of course it couldn't have been any other way.

14. Roland Stoner was surely enthusiastic while giving his debate, for his melodious voice was heard distinctly in the assembly.

15. Hurrah! students here's your chance. Everyone gives his own grade in Citizenship. We hand it to the Civics Class to make our rules.

18. Our distinguished Chemistry class nearly choked us by letting chlorine gas escape in laboratory. Wonder if they thought we were Germans.Received our first report cards.

19. A very instructive talk was given by Prof. Boucher at Chapel. The Guards were off duty on the first and second floor. Bet they got too hungry to wait.

20. Juicy B. claims he can't typewrite when Mr. Newton is watching him and gives him a nice compliment ?? not knowing he was standing right before him. How did you feel, Juicy?

21. Oh how we missed the teachers who went to Indianapolis. If all teachers were like George H. in Chemistry to-day, there would be no restriction on chewing gum or sitting on your desk while reciting.

22. Miss McIntyre pronounces our spelling. Miss Benney forgot to ring the assembly bell. Steve must have thought he was cranking a Ford while sharpening his pencil and Miss Ashton had to ask him to stop.

25. Margaret Bartholomew and Mr. Jessee have a talking contest, but of course Mr. Jessee got to say the last word.

26. Rev. Baer at Chapel.

27. Meeting held to decide Senior rings and pins. Extraordinarily peaceful.
28. An Indian Princess gives a speech about the Red Man. Received our first snow.
29. Soup Campbell gets her seat changed into the corner of the room. Now she can talk to everybody coming in and everybody going out.

NOVEMBER

1. Very dead in school to-day and made more so by Roland S.'s speech which began, "I give my sympathy, my heart, every atom of my being to you, Oh Mothers, who have sons in this great war." (Heard in assembly.)
2. Everybody is talking about vamping Harold Wood. Wonder who'll get him? Mary Allison is seen taking a hair off Jack Blaese's coat and then putting it back. When asked why she did so, answered that she had to or Mr. Jessee would announce that it was lost in the N. Hallway.
3. Seniors have decided on their class pins. Seniors are planning a Bazaar and Vaudeville to be given during Thanksgiving vacation.
4. Orchestra entertains us this morning and Tom Morony uses his shoe for a music stand. Senior "Boomerang" is highly praised. Miss McIntyre goes visiting. (Wonder who?)
5. George H. has over three cents in his pocket, but it wasn't his. School dismissed this P. M. to observe Brown Day. (V. U. won.)
8. The teachers were kept busy picking up Ruth Blachly's powder puff as she went from room to room. Did Ruth blush?? Can Dorothy B., Laura N., Eva K., Bessie L., Helen G., Edith S., Dorothy T., and Anna B. scream. You will get a sample at the Senior Bazaar or just an echo, if you listen outside the assembly door when they practice.
9. Phyllis S. captures another Irishman, who is Bernard F. Rev. Dunaway at Chapel.
10. Byron Wright comes to school three minutes early instead of three minutes late. Audrey Lish actually came to school to-day without the little black bag hanging on her arm. She must have something valuable in it.
11. School dismissed this P. M., and a big parade held to celebrate Armistice Day. Joe Shank was initiated into school by the parade. People did not know whether he belonged to the faculty or was a Senior. He wore long pants.
12. Both George Bentley and his little brother have a hair cut.
15. Girls' and Boys' Glee Club and also the orchestra entertain a teachers' meeting in the evening.
16. Hurrah! We have a new Senior girl. George Johnson gets nice and offers to carry her books for her.
17. Dr. Regan from Chicago speaks at Chapel. Thomas Morony gets in the wrong seat after talking to our new Senior, Edna Grace Zemer. Oh, Tom!!
18. George H. gets peeved and spanks Bessie Long for misbehavior.
19. Everybody ordered to have pictures taken for the Annual. Mr. Fox will have to keep all his birdies singing now.
24. Mr. Cole at Chapel. We like his pep. School closes for Thanksgiving vacation.
29. Senior Bazaar a great success. Made 180 bones clear.
30. The latest fad—bobbed hair, is not at all original for Mr. Jessee beat them all to it.

DECEMBER

1. Everybody in Physics class is developing Horse Power.
2. Fat McCord misses his seat, and to think it's a double one too.
3. Hurrah! Won our first basket ball game from Elkhart. Three cheers for the players.
6. Juniors publish their "Boomerang."
7. The weird humming, but in a stronger and clearer tone, has been heard in the assembly again.
8. Miss Welty and Miss Sieb are both sorry for a little kitten wandering in the N. Hall, but neither is brave enough to carry it out.
9. Ralph Brenner gets rough and tries to throw little Jesse Bow-

man out of the assembly window, but only succeeds in cracking the glass.

10. Won our second basket ball game from Lowell. Miss McIntyre promises Paul Stevenson a seat on the platform. Anyone else wanting a reserved seat apply at Room 3.
13. Edith S. and Juicy were seen holding hands in typewriting class. He was known to have eaten onions to-day, which is another one of his favorite luxuries.
14. Rev. Carpenter at Chapel. He speaks on "A Time for Everything, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing, a time to open kissing bugs and a time to refrain from opening them." Mr. Newton teaches his Phon. I class how to swear. He says the outline for damage is "dam" "J."
15. Mr. Jessee has the pleasure of tearing up a poor Freshie's note before the whole assembly. The latest in footwear—white socks and Baby Doll slippers. This may be seen only the third period in the afternoon in History III. It will be no trouble for Bill Blaese has a front seat.
16. Miss Benney's pet phrase in English VIII. This man or that man "was off"—a polite way of calling a poet crazy.
17. John L. has a seat on the platform. A long folding rod should be presented to Mr. Jessee so he won't have to get up every time John falls asleep.
20. Girls' Glee Club entertained a box social at Flint Lake School.
21. Welcome Ruth Benjamin to our High School.
22. After asking three persons and nearly bursting into tears, Wilma Welsly found her seat.
23. Music Club Concert highly praised. No school till next year.

JANUARY

5. Started the new year splendidly for no one got a lecture or had his seat moved to-day.
6. Mr. Converse at Chapel. Everyone in H. S. is required to write an essay on "Why Valpo Should Raise a Million Dollars for a University." Million dollar pins were handed to each student.
7. Mr. Jessee claims that he can see through the brick wall into the N. Hall. Girls be careful where you put your powder puffs.
11. Jessie Card keeps a beauty parlor at her seat. She primps enough for two. Wonder whom she sees the third period P. M.?
12. Athletic Association meeting. "Bones" and Steve are appointed new yell leaders. A staff is elected for the publishing of the "Boomerang."
13, Miss Higbee wears glasses to school. Lyal Kuehl, George Bentley and Bessie Long receive prizes for the best essays on the "Million Dollar Campaign."
14. Oratorical Contest attended by a large crowd.
12. Blessed is he who expects to flunk for he shall not be disappointed tomorrow.

18-19. Final exams.

20. We listened to an excellent program arranged by Miss Higbee to soothe our nerves after exams. The Sedgwick twins were highly applauded their piano and drum duet, Ruth Blachly delighted the audience with three solos, and everybody began to move around in the seats when Tom M.'s and Russel's saxaphones and Roger's trombone began to play that irresistible syncopated jazz.
21. The janitor had lots of visitors this morning. The main question asked him was how much coal his two furnaces consumed in a year. Mr. Pauley was responsible.
24. You can tell the Freshies have arrived for a young man's coat and hat were hanging in the girls' hall this morning. Elizabeth Shank wore red and yellow to the game last Saturday. Why? The only reason I can think of is the old rhyme that says, "Red and yellow catch a fellow." Valpo is beginning to get in the habit of bowing to defeat.
25. Something new. The center assembly lights were lowered.
26. Miss Stanford is our new teacher. Operetta practice.
27. Not a creature stirred when Mr. Jessee announced that those who do not wish to sing on Thursday morning may go to the side rooms to study.
28. Emerson wins from Valpo. Last hard day of the week.
31. Otis wears spectacles to school.

FEBRUARY

1. Steve takes his annual fall pulling two chairs with him.

2. Marion Bell and Richard Wallace have a love scene of their own in the N. W. corner of the assembly.
3. Freshmen publish their "Boomerang." Mr. Jessee asks for Freshmen volunteers to distribute "Boomerangs"—whole class marches out.
4. Tom eats electricity, he'll have some bill to pay.
7. Dale L., Ethel Krudup, Avis W., and Dick F. occupy one seat. Four little birds tightly snuggled in their nest.
8. Dorothea Dunaway reads a note while her father (Rev. Dunaway) speaks on attention and great men and women.
9. Mr. Newton hangs his hat in the waste paper basket, this keeps it from soiling.
10. Dot Dodge and Thelma Mc. play for us at noon.
11. Frobel wins from Valpo, 15-13.
14. Mr. Jessee in good spirits to-day. He reads us a poem about love and everything.
15. Rev. Baer at Chapel. Mr. Pauley has his picture taken standing by "Lizzie."
16. Bones fell into Mr. Jessee's arms during yell practice. Getting popular.
17. Juicy gets his seat back on the platform. Teacher's pet.
18. Roland S. explains to some girls how he quarreled with his barber for cutting off his side burns. He was afraid the girls might not notice it.
21. Extra!! Seniors get sticky popcorn balls from Mr. Jessee for winning the game yesterday.
22. Father Griffith at Chapel. He tells the girls how hideous they look with their hair combed in Chinese fashion and their faces white washed.
23. School on Washington's birthday as usual. School asked to join in a parade and represent the corn fed cattle in the movies.
21. Mr. Boucher gives an excellent talk to the assembly.
25. Mr. Pauley is real cross to-day, guess because he had his hair cut.
28. Freshman team gains another laurel for the class. Laporte wins from Valpo.

MARCH

1. Prof. Jessee institutes a new order of morning exercises.
2. Father Mungovan at Chapel.
3. Arrangements are made for the Tourney.
4. "Garlic" tournament held in Gary. Frances Proffitt comes to school with one arm. Mr. Jessee forgets to give out spelling.
7. Mildred Jordan can't talk above a whisper. She left her voice in the "Garlic" city.
8. Mr. Boucher and Mr. Jessee get very impatient when Dr. Howerth speaks fifteen minutes over time. Freshmen and Sophomores pictures are taken for the Annual.
8. Dorothy Todd comes to school on roller skates.
9. Mr. Schenk gives a Tiddle Wink Contest. Junior and Senior pictures are taken for the Annual.
10. Miss Ashton speaks on the importance and interest of French.
11. Miss Benney keeps shoe polish standing on her pedestal in the English room. Steve Corboy takes the hint and the next day has his shoes shined. Where did he get the polish?
14. Harry Field has a hair cut. Wonder if he is keeping his locks! Our pleasant announcement on the board again, "Senior Dues."
15. Coraellene Perkins has her hair bobbed.
16. Senior girls wear ribbons to school. Rev. Carpenter speaks about "Miss Understood."
17. Charles Riddle is chosen captain of spring athletics.
17. A morality play is given by several boys of Eng VI. Ronald S. surely makes a good "beggar."
21. Col. Evans, resident of this city, and doctor in the army, relates some interesting incidents about the care of the wounded, who have come under his observation.
22. Rev. Mr. Mitchell addresses us for the first time. His talk is greatly appreciated.
24. Heard a loud voice, "Mr. Jessee, one step at a time, please."
30. Physics class visit the telephone company. G. Bowman takes our picture and Paul E. entertains us by showing us the proper way to go down the slide.

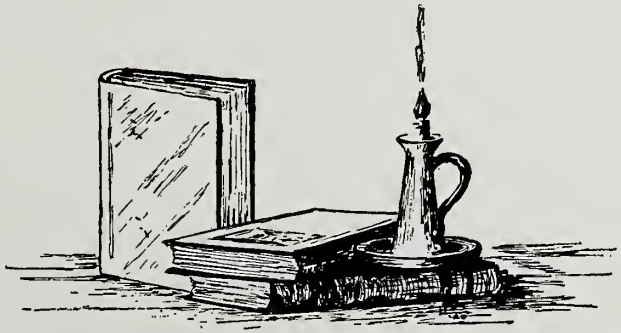
APRIL

1. We are fooled on everything but the "Mikado," which was a great success. We are proud of our actors and actresses.
4. Miss Higbee's twin sister visits school. They are as like as two peas.
5. Rev. Newsom speaks about Humming Birds. Physics class measures the speed of sound on the Grand Trunk.
6. Merle D. gets interested reading on the platform and forgets to go to class.
7. Will have to have an operation, because Mr. Pauley lost a frog and Elizabeth Wyman said she had one in her throat.
8. Bart receives a sweater for his good services on the basket ball team. Juniors win first class baseball game from Seniors.
11. Dr. Nixon gives an interesting talk on teeth.
12. Typewriting State Champion gives us an illustration in speed. He could talk with the girls while he wrote 137 words a minute. Our students made up their minds to break the record.
13. Dr. Holloway gives a very instructive talk to the girls.
14. Mr. Moltz presents a prize to the winners of interclass baseball. The battle stands between the Seniors and Sophomores. "A penny" for Mr. Jessee's thoughts.
18. Merle Dowdell and Nellie Loomis jump the rope outside of school house.
19. Sophomores win the trophy for interclass baseball, score 4 to3.
20. Bones surely looked guilty when her note was brought to Mr. Jessee. If you dont' succeed try, try, again.
22. Everyone is giving bids to the prom.
25. Mr. Jessee feeds the Sophomore boys on apples.
26. Rev. Baer at Chapel.

MAY

2. Clean up week. Everybody clean up and clean up right.
3. Twenty minutes of our morning exercise period was given over to writing letters. Subject "Clean up week."
4. The debate by Alice Parker, Bones Corson, Eva Kruse and Virginia Rathjen was immensely enjoyed.
6. Junior-Senior Prom.
9. We are threatened with no more assembly singing if we don't show more "pep."
21. Junior-Senior Picnic.
22. Baccalaureate Sermon, Presbyterian church.
25. Music Club Picnic.
26. Commencement exercises.
28. Reception.
31. Alumni Banquet.

—*Anna Boryczko.*



A LANE

THERE is a little sandy lane,
Beginning in a hollow
Between two hills, that I fain
Would say you could call
A fitting entrance for this lane.

And as it sloping downward goes,
Between the meadows and the fields,
Then leading onward beside a hedgerow,
It reaches a hollow, wherein
Stands a stately oak, and willow grove.

Then twining, and winding up a bushy slope,
It straightens out, and passes by
An evenly set and planted copse,
Wherein delightful shade is found,
And passing the hazel bushes it rolls down a slope.

To a creek which flowing onward
Crosses this lane, where
A bridge, with a boy looking downward,
Watches his bobber wabble and tremble,
As a fish, lured by the bait, comes hereward.

And this self-same creek ripples on,
To its hardy big brother,
The river, and it to the sea goes on,
As the creek, the sandy lane,
Its big brother, the highway, does join.

—*Herbert Krull.*

THE SAILOR LAD

THE silvery moon is shining
On the depths of the dark blue sea,
The ivy vines were twining
Around the cottage on the lea.

A sailor lad sat dreaming
Of his mother, old and gray,
Whom he had left repining
When he had sailed away.

His mother, too, was longing
For a sight of her sailor boy,
For memories were thronging
Since he sailed on the good ship "Roy".

After suffering many hardships,
He returned to his mother at last,
Where he was welcomed with open arms,
And grateful that hardships were past.

—*Mildred Jordan.*

LITERARY
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THE SENIOR ORATORICAL

AS IS customary in the High School, an Oratorical Contest was held by the Senior Class of 1921, and proved a very successful affair. The program was varied and the choice of subjects was widely distributed, giving the audience a change of thought with the appearance of every speaker.

Bernard Finnigan spoke on "Capital and Labor". He showed a surprising knowledge of present-day conditions and offered some very plausible remedies for them.

Dorothy Williams spoke on "The American", and painted the citizen of the United States in such a way that it made us glow with pleasure to know that we were Americans.

Harry Deu spoke on "Americanization", bringing out the power of this great country of ours to mould the destiny of the world.

Bessie Long spoke on "Personality", that thing which makes us all different. She showed by some striking examples the value of a vivid personality.

Otis Sanford spoke on "The Treaty of Versailles", giving a very scholarly account of the provisions of the Treaty and their influence on the world.

Dorothy Bartholomew spoke on "Personal Efficiency", that attribute which really makes men what they are.

The two winning orations were given by Edith Small, on "Physical Well-Being", and Thomas Morony, on "The Motor Truck".

"Physical Well-Being" dealt with the value of a beautiful temple, the body, whose strength and fitness permeates the individual with the same characteristics and thus brings happiness and success to him.

"The Motor Truck" dealt with the motor truck as a solution of the new transportation problem that all nations are facing.

A very pretty solo by Ruth Blachly, a trombone solo by Roger Wilson, and numbers by the Girls' Glee Club made the affair altogether enjoyable for all who attended.

PHYSICAL WELL-BEING

AMONG the pages of history we find many men and women who have carved their names and successes upon the memories of all nations, and it is a significant fact that the majority of these fortunate men and women were specimens of physical well-being.

Knowing that God created man in His own image, we must believe that in the beginning He created him with a pure and healthy body and that man thru his own ignorance, dissipation and folly has condemned often, not only himself, but his posterity to sin, disease and death.

There are many ways to maintain the healthy body the Lord intended us to have, and in an effort to acquire physical well-being all is to be gained, nothing lost.

Civilization, it seems, along with its mammoth strides in advancement, has developed a number of customs and habits which are injurious to the physical being; for instance, tight clothes of various kinds create unnatural conditions in the body. Along with our so-called civilization have come also a number of injurious habits, like the use of tobacco, which causes a great strain upon the heart and shows its effect in a quickened pulse; perhaps even worse than the use of tobacco, which contains nicotine, is the use of narcotics. These drugs deaden the senses and dull the brain; also indulgence in intoxicating liquors has ruined many a person's health and efficiency. These habits, harmful in their nature, should never be acquired, and if already a habit has been formed, it should be eliminated as soon as possible. No man, however brilliant, can attain the highest or any comparatively high degree of physical well-being while addicted to any bad habits.

In these days of strenuous competition it is the efficient man who is wanted, and physical well-being is the basis of his efficiency, for as mental health is dependent upon physical health, physical fitness is essential to mental fitness.

The greatest characters known to the world have excelled in physical fitness. Take, for example, Victoria, England's greatest queen; Napoleon, conqueror of Europe; and most notably our own great Americans, our beloved Abe Lincoln, our admired George Washington, and that popular idol whose recent death caused the world to stop and reverently bless a man whose life had been efficiency personified, Theodore Roosevelt, who, not being blessed with health in childhood, early accepted the fact that physical fitness was essential to an active and useful life. Having this idea in mind, he proceeded to acquire the highest degree of physical fitness. His success in developing a rugged body was proven by his physical endurance and by his various accomplishments in science, literature and statesmanship. During the process of acquiring this physical fitness he did not use any elaborate measures, but plain, common sense ones, easily within reach and known to us all, like breathing deeply of plenty of pure, fresh air, eating temperately of good, wholesome food, and abstaining from all injurious practices. His mind kept pace with his body and developed wonderful receptiveness along varied lines of mental activity.

A man who lacks physical fitness has not the inclination to lead an active and useful life, because he lacks the necessary strength to give him this inclination and is because of the lack of this inclination deprived of leading a sane, normal life as a man among men.

A country prepared for war feels a sense of security and has no fear of being molested or interfered with. So it is with a man who is in possession of a high degree of physical fitness.

Physical fitness promotes a feeling of self-respect. A man intimately associated with other men, in his work or otherwise, feeling himself their physical equal, would be more able to command their respect in business and social life. Take for example—Two men who started working together in a factory. The one exercising care for his physical being and efficiency, the other not only lacked these virtues but also had acquired many injurious habits. They both started at the bottom of the ladder, but while the first man is well on his way towards the top, the second man is still slaving at the bottom, shackled there by the fetters of his own physical defects. The one at the top has the re-

spect of his fellow men and of himself, while the one at the bottom has their contempt and pity, as well as a great deal of self-pity.

Physical fitness does not mean bodily strength alone, such strength as might be termed "brute force". It means adaptability of life forces, vigorous and alert senses, free and joyous responsiveness to environment, and a feeling of exhilaration in the face of difficulties. It must be granted that brilliant minds are sometimes found in diseased bodies, and that these minds in some cases have achieved wonders thru sheer will, in science, literature and the arts, but the physical unfitness often warps the mental product and always takes from the legitimate joy a man should find in his work, that joy which Wordsworth says is its own security and "fills all earth with a celestial sheen, the glory and the freshness of a dream."

It has often been said that every person has some mission in life, something that he, and he alone, may accomplish. If this be true, all should fulfill their missions to the best of their ability, and to equip themselves for the task should first make sure of a sound body, and thus strengthen themselves to meet all trying ordeals.

A healthy body is one that can stand a variety of hard knocks. If the body is healthy, the tenant of the body, namely, the mind, cannot stay long in a state of moroseness or dejection.

Physical well-being is the soul of efficiency. It promotes self-respect and the respect of others, it creates an independent spirit, financially and otherwise, it brings happiness, and is in most cases easy to attain. The benefits of physical well-being for man are summed up in the saying that "A sound mind in a sound body make a man's life worth living for himself, for his fellow men, for his country, and for his God!"

—Edith Small.

THE MOTOR TRUCK

TO-DAY transportation is the foundation of all prosperity. The growth of cities has pushed back the producer many miles from his market; and sources of raw material are so widely separated that industrial development, business efficiency, increased production to meet increased demand, in fact, the very livelihood of the nation, depends upon an adequate means of transportating goods from the producer to the consumer.

In the history of transportation in its three forms—Waterways, Railroads and Highways—the latter had received the least attention until the motor truck supplied for the highways what the steam engine supplied for the railroads and waterways, namely: rapid transit. As a result of the introduction of the automobile, we are in a new transportation era, that of the motor truck, just as economically justified and just as sure of steady development as the ships and railroads were in their early stages. In the face of the constantly increasing number of the rural express routes operating throughout the country, it is evident that

the motor truck serves a field that is not satisfactorily covered by any other means of transportation.

No doubt you have often noticed a string of empties left on a siding day after day, and thought it hardly consistent with the crying need for cars to carry coal from the mines. Such delay is an everyday occurrence; and the cause of it all is the inconvenience to the railroads of handling what is known as "short haul" traffic. These short distance and transfer-within-the-city shipments are the cause of freight cars traveling on an average of only six miles per day, an unprofitable business for railroads. Motor trucks have proved themselves equal to handling this kind of traffic not only more quickly but more satisfactorily and at a minimum cost. For instance, the gross cost of shipping 100 pounds of freight from New York City to Newark, New Jersey, a distance of nine miles, including teaming charges on both ends, amounts to 91 cents by railroad and 15 cents by motor truck. By railroads the shipments take days while by motor truck it is a matter of a little over one hour.

The potentialities of the motor truck have much to offer toward insuring prosperity in this country. They create wealth by increasing land values, and they lower prices by establishing a more direct connection between the farmer and his market. They give a market outlet to food stuffs hitherto unavailable, and open up productive regions that have never before been touched, because of their distance from the market and the lack of transportation. Their use will also stimulate rail and water transportation, for the motor truck will bring to the freight-houses and wharves tonnage from previously undeveloped sections and sections that the railroads cannot afford to penetrate. They will substitute for the disinterested personality and limited liability of railroad shipping on short hauls, for the motor truck is an agency that personally collects and delivers products, performing marketing as well as transportation functions.

Let us in our discussion of this new and sure solution for the great problem of transportation that is facing the world today, pause for a moment and consider the cost of shipping by motor truck in comparison with the present rate of shipping by rail. The differenec in shipping by truck and by rail is so great and is such a vital point that it has attracted much attention in the last year. For instance, the general traffic manager for a large Eastern manufacturer figured he could ship by motor truck at distances of from ten to one hundred and twenty-five miles at approximately fifty cents cheaper on the 100 pounds. This item alone is enough to wake us up to the fact that it is time we were getting acquainted with this new transportation and welcoming the opportunity that requires but a word of acceptance to achieve success. The few examples that I have given so far are mere incidents in the history of motor truck transportation; such instances do not happen once in a month or once in a year; no, no; something of this kind is met with every day, every hour, in fact, every minute; and it is happening not only in New York and the East alone, but everywhere in the North, South and West as well.

Besides the low cost of motor transportation, let us concern ourselves with the speed and alacrity of the motor truck. Plying its way through our own city is what has lately been known as a Motor Express Route. Here in our own midst may readily be seen the wonders it is working day after day because of its speed and efficiency. In fact,

it has brought transportation between this city and Chicago to a point where a merchant here may order from a Chicago firm and receive the goods at his doorstep the next day, thus eliminating the period of days and sometimes weeks between the ordering and shipment of goods from Chicago by rail, and furthermore lowering the cost of transportation forty-five cents per 100 pounds. Its speed alone will be enough to justify its cause, for it will save the United States about $1,500,000.00 a year that is lost on perishable foods for lack of rapid transit.

Here I think we should consider the users of motor trucks at the present time and a little of what they say about them. The farmer is the biggest factor in the game, for there are over 80,000 motor trucks in operation on farms throughout the United States. These 80,000 motor trucks, it is estimated, during 1919, hauled approximately 450,000,000 tons of farm products to the market, and many of these products were perishable foodstuffs of which tons and tons would have spoiled but for the rapid transportation afforded the farmers by motor trucks.

Next to farmers, the biggest users of the motor truck are the manufacturers. Their total of motor trucks in operation throughout the country is approximately 75,000. The manufacturers claim that in collecting raw material, making deliveries, and marketing their wares the motor truck is invaluable, aside from the low cost of operation, but because of its alacrity, reliability and efficiency.

There is in this country a movement whose object is to rule the motor truck off the roads. Now, anyone with any brain capacity whatever can readily see that since roads are built to withstand a pressure of 800 pounds to the square inch, and motor trucks, the largest of them, when loaded to their fullest capacity, only exert a pressure of 666 pounds to the square inch, the motor truck is not detrimental to a properly built road. Furthermore, any act, speech or legislation aimed to hit motor truck transportation is the result of a narrow-minded attitude of some people who hold the mistaken idea that the motor truck is a drawback rather than an aid to civilization. The motor truck is the servant of the people, both producer and consumer, and discrimination against motor trucks is discrimination against the sources of livelihhood of these same people.

So let the motto, "Ship By Truck," be spread far and wide, since we know that the motor truck is the only solution to the food problem that is now confronting thousands of small towns throughout the United States that are without railroads: not forgetting that this same cheap and rapid transportation will at the same time serve the farmers in marketing the products of the farm and aid the manufacturer in delivering his wares, and when we bear in mind the inexpensiveness of the trucks and their low cost of operation, these facts should be reason enough for our endorsing the motor truck as a solution of the great problem of transportation. But above all other considerations, we must remember the great help which the motor truck will give to the world's commerce by hauling anything imaginable great distances or small in as short a time as possible, thus insuring to the world the variety of products and the abundance of materials of days gone by. Then, having realized the uses and capabilities of the motor truck, let us adopt it as a means to a shorter, cheaper, quicker and more reliable transportation.

—Thomas Ward Morony.

MEMORIES

FAR back from the road the little house stands,
And a cinder path leads to the door.
She still sits by the window, her knitting in hand,
To welcome me as in days of yore.

Her garden filled with those old-fashioned flowers,
Sweet Mary, bachelor buttons, briar rose;
She cares for them tenderly, hours upon hours,
And they perfume each soft breeze that blows.

Not far from the house a small streamlet flows,
Where I sail my tiny tin boats.
To some faraway country each one of them goes,
And with them my wild fancy floats.

And what good things to eat does the pantry hold,
Cherry pie, cookies and cake.
A slice of fresh bread, before it is cold,
Bread like only my Granny can make.

Oh! how I wish I were young, and once more
"Visitin' " to Granny's could go.
But alas! 'tis too late, for the good days of yore
Are gone, and where I'll ne'er know.

Even Granny is gone, to her parents so dear;
She is free from life's sorrow and pain.
Yet I long for the past, for her dear voice to hear,
Though I know all my longings are vain.

—*Marjorie Cole.*

THE EFFECT OF FOOD

IN an apartment in a fairly prosperous section of New York lived Robert Kingsland, a good-looking young man who held a very lucrative position as a reporter on the staff of the "Gazette". His working hours were from four in the afternoon until twelve at night. The rest of the night and the day were his to do as he pleased. After much trial he had concluded that the most satisfactory arrangement was to sleep from one A. M. till six and from one P. M. to three-thirty, thus leaving his morning entirely free. He ate one meal in the middle of the night, another in the morning, and a third at noon. Thus his life was regular and well-ordered, if rather strenuous. The apartment next to him had been empty for some time, but one morning he found that it was occupied. When he left for the office that evening the tenant was in the elevator. Gradually they became acquainted, and still more gradually acquaintance ripened into friendship. For some time Robert had been considering a valet, but he felt that he could not quite afford the expense. One day he mentioned his desire to his neighbor, Mr. Porter, who suggested that, since he himself was in the same position, they hire a common servant, who would spend half his time with each. It was arranged that the servant would devote himself to Robert from twelve P. M. till twelve A. M. and to Mr. Porter the remainder of the time. Thus it became the duty of the servant to look after Robert's meals.

Mr. Porter, being seemingly without duties of any kind, had much time for meditation, and having conceived the idea that food was a determining factor in one's life—that the kind of food one ate shaped his career—he one day hit upon the idea of making Robert an object of his experiments. His next move was to consult with their servant.

That night Robert came home as usual, ate his lunch as usual, and at last dropped into dreamland. And indeed it was dreamland! He saw horrible sights; he groaned and writhed upon his bed. He arose unrefreshed the next morning. Consequently he overslept in the afternoon and was late in arriving at his place of employment. This happened several times and as a result Robert found himself seeking work. He was feeling very gloomy and despondent in these days.

During all this time Mr. Porter was observing him closely, and with the assistance of the servant carefully made out a chart of the effect of certain foods upon Robert. Now he decided to change the nature of the food and observe what effect, if any, this would have.

One day soon after, possibly by virtue of his former experience, Robert secured employment upon the reporting staff of a paper just starting, the "Balloon". His work was above the average. It might even have been called brilliant. So his advancement was rapid, and he soon filled an important position, one much more lucrative than his former work.

Now, as to whether this was all due to Mr. Porter's experiments with foods, I will not venture to say. If such be the case, it would be well for many of us if we could discover the secret of Ruth's diet, which gives her such a clear

complexion and so sweet a voice. We wonder what it can be of which Steve partakes that enables him to get decent grades without ever studying. Does Thomas W. Morony eat cream puffs, that he is so pompously dignified? Why is Dorothy so rosy and plump, while her own twin sister Florence is so tall and slender? Is it his mother's cottage cheese that makes our athlete, Bart, so nonchalant? Are Dorothy's eyes so bright, and she so full of pep, while Bessie is so gentle, because of the difference in their nourishment? Has the food which should have been Edith's been gobbled up by Otis? But the all-important question is how many Brenner's does it take to make an F?

—*Laura Neet.*

VIOLETS

FOUND them in the Springtime woods,
In hidden nook secluded there,
When April showers had smiled on them,
The blue-eyed violets fair.

Surrounded with their leaves of green,
Guarded by Nature's tender care,
A lovely vision to behold—
The blue-eyed violets fair.

They filled the woods with fragrance sweet,
And beauty rich and rare,
'Twas there I learned how dear to me are
The blue-eyed violets fair.

—*Bessie Long.*

OH, THINK OF ME

HEN the shadows gather on life's long way,
And you think of the cares of the dreary day,
And you long to whisper to someone's ear
All the sorrows of life you have had to bear,
How sweet the moment, how sweet 'twould seem,
If someone shared your sorrow and dream,
If in your sadness no one heart will lend,
And your soul grows weary, for the want of a friend,
Oh, think of me.

If you want someone to be first with you
In this life, it's a friend that's forever true,
Though young, though old, when draws the end
And you long to see the face of a friend,
Think but once of one, who waits ever true,
The only faithful friend that still thinks of you.
If at that moment you're an outcast of time,
And I the possessor of Golconda's mine,
Oh, think of me.

—*Anna Boryczko.*

S-S-SH! PASS IT ON

ONCE upon a time a note was sent by a certain giggley Freshman boy on a trip across the buzzing sea of humanity which is already overflowing the large Assembly room to another of the same class but of the fairer sex. It started the first period in the morning.

He first threw it to the person three seats in front of him but it missed and so he made a trip up to the desk for some paper and at the same time to deliver the note to this person. This person happened to be asleep and in his endeavor to wake him he was told to get to work. He succeeded however in waking him at the end of the first period. This person passed the note to the neighbor next to him with safety who attempted to pass it to the girl beside him but she did not care to indulge in such practices and so he had to throw it to a person two seats over. This person happened to be a senior and with a great deal of dignity he opened the note and immediately burst out laughing. He passed it to the person in front of him but kept secret its contents. This person happened to be studying real hard, of course she was a Junior, and after a few black looks she passed it to the person in front of her. This girl had to convey it to another girl three seats over farther. These two girls happened to be real good friends and in constant communication and so the first girl motioned the second to go to the desk which she did and they both met there; and right in front of the principal and with their innocent eyes looking straight at him they got some paper and passed this note from one to the other and went back to their seats. Just then the bell rang for the end of the second period and so the girl took the note to class with her and it had a rest in the waste paper basket, for the teacher noticed it and had the girl throw it away. It was recovered however after class. After the girl returned to her seat in the Assembly room she handed it to the boy in front of her, who wrote on it, "stop, you are wasting entirely too much paper"; of course it was a sophomore. This boy had to deliver it to a girl four seats ahead and two seats over. He waited until the principal left the room and with a hurry which always spells defeat he rushed up to this girl with the note: but in his hurry he did not see the bad place in the matting and with a great deal of commotion he fell over a seat, knocked it loose and all the books fell out. He put them in as fast as he could and got back to his seat just as the principal returned, the note still undelivered. Finally the principal turned his back to the room and almost instantly the note went flying through the air to the girl four seats ahead just as the noon bell rang. She put it in her book and forgot all about it until the second period in the afternoon. The poor note started on its journey again. It had a pretty easy course for a while but finally it came to a place where it had to make a big jump. The boy put it in a Literary Digest, and went up to the desk and asked if he could give the magazine to the girl to whom the note was addressed. He was given permission and thus the note traveled over a very dangerous part of its journey and after all these narrow escapes it reached the person sitting next to the girl to whom it was sent five minutes before the classes returned from the afternoon sessions. When the girl got to her seat it was given to her. She opened it very cautiously and on it she read the two well known words, "April fool." —*Warren Dee.*

THE TULIP BED

UR tulip bed when summer draws nigh,
Is a beauteous thing to behold.
Under the blue of the cloudless sky
Flash the colors bold.

There we see them in gallant array,
Faint pink, clear yellow, bright red.
And as in the gentle breeze they sway
Each nods it gay little head.

Whence came these colors, so full of cheer?
What can their origin be?
The brightest of tints from far and near
Are painted there for me.

—*Laura Neet.*

FLAPPER INGENUITY

OT eagerly tore open the letter from home. "Oh Elsie, mother's coming!" she suddenly burst out to her roommate, who was absorbed in her Trig.

"Your mother? When?"

"This very week-end. Just think, yes—in four days I'll see my very own, dear mother."

By this time Elsie's Trig lay forgotten and the two girls were enthusiastically planning their entertainment of Dot's mother. She was to arrive at five Friday evening. Dot was radiant. This was the first time during her three years away at school that her mother had come from their distant home to visit her.

Two happier, care-free girls could not have been found than Dot Houston and Elsie Gaddon as they went arm in arm to chapel Thursday morning. "Only two more days," whispered Dot gayly in Elsie's ear as they took their seats.

But their happiness soon faded away. A black cloud suddenly settled down over the whole roomful of girls. The storm was coming! Each girl knew it after Dr. Malbrey's first word. She had found out—!

At the beginning of the term, she had positively forbidden any of her girls to charge their ice cream and sodas and other goodies at Goodman's. Thrift was a great virtue in her eyes. She had caused the system of allowances to be instituted in her girls' school. At the beginning of each term the parents deposited a certain sum from which she doled out their weekly allowances of spending money. She demanded that a strict account be kept. Many of the girls, such at Dot Houston, were from wealthy families and were unused to such meagre allowances.

Dr. Malbrey plainly stated that she was deeply grieved to find that certain girls had disregarded this ruling. Furthermore, if by to-morrow at ten each guilty girl had not paid in full her bill at Goodman's she would be expelled.

Dot staggered out of chapel guided by Elsie's arm.

"Expelled, expelled!" she gasped. "Elsie, you must help me out of this." In times of stress she always turned to Elsie for guidance. "I can't be expelled! I can't!" moaned poor Dot. "I didn't mean any harm. I've meant to pay my bill right along from my clothing allowance." But she had not done it. The folly was all so plain now.

"Thank Heaven, I'm not implicated," sighed Elsie with relief.

"But I am, and you must think of some way out. There must be some way—if I could only think."

Dot walked bravely into Goodman's and called for her bill. It couldn't be—but yet it was. Dot looked again—the total was $33.73.

Dot painstakingly counted every cent. Only $4.80 with which to pay $33.73; $28.93 to come from some place before to-morrow morning."

"Borrow some money," said Elsie practically, "a little from each of the girls."

"But Elsie, nearly all the girls are in the same fix that I am. So that is impossible. Just because you are not mixed up in it, you can't understand—oh, I wish I had never seen the horrid place!" and Dot burst into tears.

"I've $5.13 exactly, and you're welcome to every cent of it. I know the exact amount for I counted it over three times this morning trying to make it equal $7. You know that hat in Madam's window I've longed for all week?"

Dot accepted the $5.13 as a matter of course. She would have done as much for Elsie if she had been in the same fix. Unfortunately Elsie was Dot's only dear friend, and she had only Elsie to fall back upon.

That evening Dot and Elsie sat in bed racking their brains for some possible solution as each minute brought them nearer the fatal hour. None came. Dot pictured herself going home in disgrace; and shuddered at the awful shock to her mother and father; because of her selfish extravagance. She couldn't wire home for money. Her father wasn't home and her mother wouldn't understand. Besides she had just received her check for clothing the week before and it was gone.

"Elsie, do think of something, anything," moaned poor Dot.

"We might pawn our clothes."

"Pawn them, but you know perfectly well there's no pawn shop in town." Dot crumpled up in a heap, was sobbing from nervous exhaustion.

Suddenly Elsie jumped out of bed, and after rummaging about in Dot's closet for some time, she darted out into the dark hallway. She knew what Dot would say, but yet she could not let her dearest friend taste disgrace.

On her return, Elsie solemnly slipped a bill into Dot's hand. "$25, you dear! Where did you get it? I knew you would save me," sighed Dot between hugs. "Explain, hurry!"

"Well you said you were desperate," began Elsie, "I hated to do it but it was the only way. You remember Rosie Stein down the hall. You know how jealous she is of you and particularly how envious of your squirrel coat."

"My squirrel coat! You didn't——" began Dot.

"Yes I did, wait one moment until I have finished. You know what a joke 'her eye for a penny' has always been among the 'crowd.' To come to the point, I promised her $50 in two weeks for the coat back again. You see, she pays us the $25 and is entitled to wear it in the meantime. Week after next we'll be able to redeem it because

I'll get my clothing allowance check. See you sign here. We've drawn up a contract and everything," finished Elsie breathlessly.

Dot signed. She had to do it; it was either that or disgrace and in ten minutes the matron would be going through the rooms to see that all the girls had retired.

Thank Heavens! Elsie had solved their difficulties. But Dot sickened at the thought of Rosie in her squirrel coat. Yes, she was sure she would wear it to chapel in the morning and carefully relate the incident to all the girls while she, Dot Houston, would have to wear her last year's cloak. A lump arose in Dot's throat. She was thinking of Elsie, who lay cuddled up in the little bed across the way.

Friday morning broke bright and clear. The bill was paid. Chapel was unbearable. Dot kept thinking of Minnie Hanson and Judith Price and of their unpaid bills at Goodman's. Rosie in Dot's squirrel coat did not add to Dot's comfort or peace of mind.

"Elsie Gaddon, do you realize that mother is coming to-night at 5! I must have forgotten that my own mother was coming myself. What must you think of me?"

"But what will mother say about my coat? I can't explain, I simply can't! I know she will notice my not wearing it. You know it was her Christmas present to me."

Both girls approached the dormitory with heavy hearts. Here was another problem.

"Dot, here's your mail," said Elsie as she handed Dot two letters. She sat down to read without interest her own letter from home. She was too worried to enjoy even it. But Elsie was suddenly aware of Dot wildly dancing about the room shrieking at the top of her voice: "We're saved! Were saved!—One hundred dollars from Aunt Dorothy! A birthday present arrived late—you know I was named for her." Dot and Elsie fell into each other's arms, everlasting friends of Aunt Dorothy.

It was a serene Elsie and a smiling Dot in her squirrel coat that met Mrs. Houston at the 5:15 that night.

After greeting her daughter, Mrs. Houston remarked. "How becoming your squirrel coat is, Dorothy!" "I wouldn't part with it for the world, Mother," said Dot slyly winking at Elsie.

—*Dorothy Bartholomew.*

WE, the Class of '21, has not had many social functions since we were Freshmen. This was not because we lacked a social spirit but simply because, "we did not have the time." The members of this class were always in such demand because of their talents that we have not had the opportunity to be together much; however to prove that we as a class are capable of arranging jolly affairs, just ask the Seniors of 1920.

When we were Freshmen we indulged first in a sleighing party; and after riding around the city for a time, we went to the schoolhouse and completed the evening with dancing and refreshments.

The entertainments during the rest of our Freshmen year were of a get-together nature and held in the schoolhouse and the same was true in our Sophomore year. We did have some good times even though they were not elaborate nor expensive.

One of the nicest parties which we had was the evening we were entertained at Hauff's. One is always sure of a good time at George's, and we certainly had it. I guess no one will soon forget the merriment when the faculty were being initiated into a new game. Mr. Boucher enjoyed it hugely. To all appearances Steve and Miss Benney would make an ideal pair.

PROM, 1920

Nothing was left undone that could possibly have added to the success of the Prom. Armory hall, the scene of the gayety, was tastefully decorated in the Senior Class colors in gay confusion, which made an altogether satisfactory setting for the event. The strains of a clever orches-

tra set even the feet of the Faculty tingling. The hall was taxed to its utmost capacity with merry Juniors, dignified Seniors and most of the Faculty, as well as a goodly number of friends and parents. It was undoubtedly the greatest social event of the season.

Junior-Senior Picnic

The Junior-Senior Picnic was given at Burlington Beach, Flint Lake. The bunch took the street car, or if they were lucky they rode in automobiles, to Flint Lake and enjoyed the various amusements afforded by that place, dancing, boating; and O! Yes. The boys had their little game of ball. (Nice of her to mention it.—Ed.)

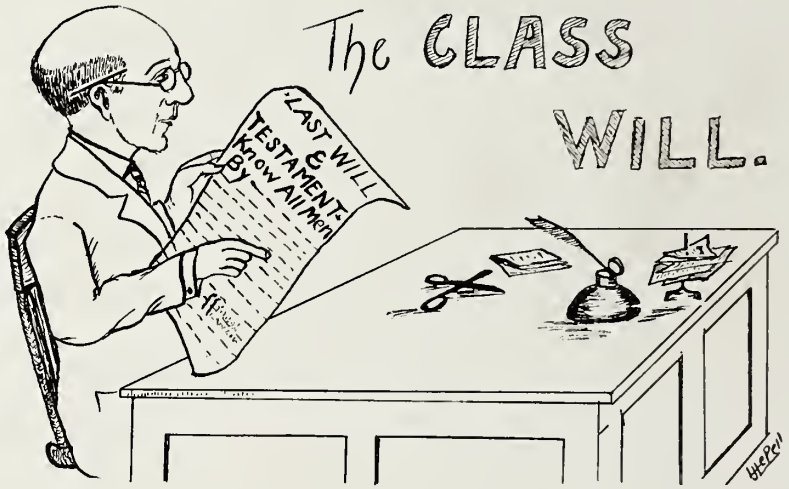
Reception

It was at this function that the Class of '21 then known as Juniors proved their ability as interior decorators and hosts and hostesses. The Assembly Room was decked in gala togs and looked like a garden in full bloom with its little latticed corners all entwined with blossoms. Refreshments were served in the downstairs hall, which was decorated in Senior Class colors and flowers, as the Assembly Room was used almost exclusively for dancing. Our High School orchestra furnished the excellent music; and the evening was a success from beginning to end.

This Year's Senior Activities

After the "Corduroy Revue" we danced in the basement for a few hours; but as it was very crowded we about had to take turns, though some got clever and having a letter in their possession danced on the postage stamp to conserve on room. Then too, after the Oratorical, we celebrated by dancing a while. This is about the extent of our activities so far, but we have been promised some parties by members of the Class as soon as the weather permits; and we still have the 1921 Prom, Reception, Junior-Senior Picnic, Alumni Reception and Music Club Picnic coming, so we certainly will have our fill of sociabilities.

—Edith Small.



KNOW YE BY THESE PRESENTS:—The class of Twenty-one upon its departure from the traditional corridors of Valparaiso High School, does collectively and individually bequeath and bequest free and unattached the following items:

To the Junior class, a class spirit which allows no athletic defeats, and a spirit that will put the whole class pushing as one behind a new venture; also all of our genius, especially the talent of those who have entertained us the past three years during Opening Exercises and all other functions, so willingly.

To the Sophomore class our beauty and poise.

To the Freshmen our dignity and our motto.

To those of the faculty who haven't any all of our automobiles, especially Ford sedans.

Bernard's and Phyllis's ability to run a fortune telling booth in our bazaar to the Junior class who will need it to build up their funds in the next year.

Harry Atwell bestows his senatorial stride upon Byron Wright in the hope that it may lend dignity to his late entrances.

Valeria Alt gives her poetic aspirations to Elmira Horner.

Hallie Blachly bequeaths her privilege of remaining by the old schoolhouse for her noon repast to the next graduating class of Flint Lake School.

Dorothy Bartholomew, her ability to talk in a steady uninterrupted stream to Fred Wittenberg.

Gillett Bowman his "Young Man's Fancy" for Dor-

othy Todd, to the Junior whose taste is equally as good.

Ruth Blachly all of her modest and reserved ways to Alice Parker, who is *so* imprudent.

Myrtle Bundy, her modest, retiring nature to Gabby H. Pulver.

Marjory Cole, her self satisfaction to Carl Gruenert, who doesn't need it.

Stephen Corboy, his excellent yells and pose as cheer leader and also his ability (and Derby) as manager of the opera house to any of his freshie admirers.

Warren Dee, his ability to study before eight-fifteen in the assembly to Charles Coyer.

Harry Deu, his football physique acquired from "doing the chores" to Andy Collins.

Richard Fabing, his seat in the trombone section to Dick Wallace provided he does not become a Volunteer Fireman.

George Hauff, his crabby facial expression to Miss Patton, principal of the department. She hasn't any now.

Anna Boryczko, her memory to Izzy Simon.

Joe Boryczko, his seat in the first violin section to Lyal Kuehl.

George Johnson's excellent attitude in Civics to Gerald Burke.

Herbert Krull, his privilege of coming in late without the honor of Mr. Jessee's company at 4:00 to the under classman who has ambition enough to rise at 4:30 and work till school time.

Laura Neet, her position as scholar of the class to Dot Dodge.

Bessie Long, Coraellene Perkins, Eva Keene, Harriet Erickson, Mabel Collins, Susanne DeVroe, Helen Green and Mildred Jordan, a joint legacy of quiet decorum to be distributed among the Freshman class after Maymer Howard, Autumn B., Irene Szold and Bones Corson get their share.

Tom Morony, his histrionic ability to Ronald Stoner, who already has a wonderful voice.

Otis Sanford, his deadly Romeo acts to Hod Oldham.

Muriel Rosenberger, her round rosy cheeks to Bones Corson.

Edith Small, her "pep" to Margaret Timmons.

Anna Christy, her long-held position in the Girls' Glee Club to Doris Hodges, so that the school can some day have a duet from her and H. O.

Bartlett Marimon his deep, thunderous bass notes to next year's bass section of the Boys' Glee Club.

Harold Wood, his letter writing proclivities to Mert Dowdell.

Edna Grace Zemer, her buxom popularity to Nellie Loomis.

Tom Marimon, his good nature and ability to promote social stunts and pitch base ball to Vic Hembroff and Chuck Thune.

Charles Scott, his money-grabbing ways to the next Treasurer of the Senior Class.

Florence Williams, her diffidence in recitation to Leslie Gaston.

Dorothy Willams, her oratorical fluency to Russel Nixon.

Roger Wilson, his musical talent to the ensuing High School Orchestra.

Since we may have omitted some of our Seniors, we will their good faith and trust in us to those who will need help and a little lift, which may mean success in the near future.

Solemnly, therefore, we affix our hand and seal, on this twenty-sixth day of May, A. D. 1921.

SENIOR CLASS.—*By J. George Hauff.*

ON GRADUATION

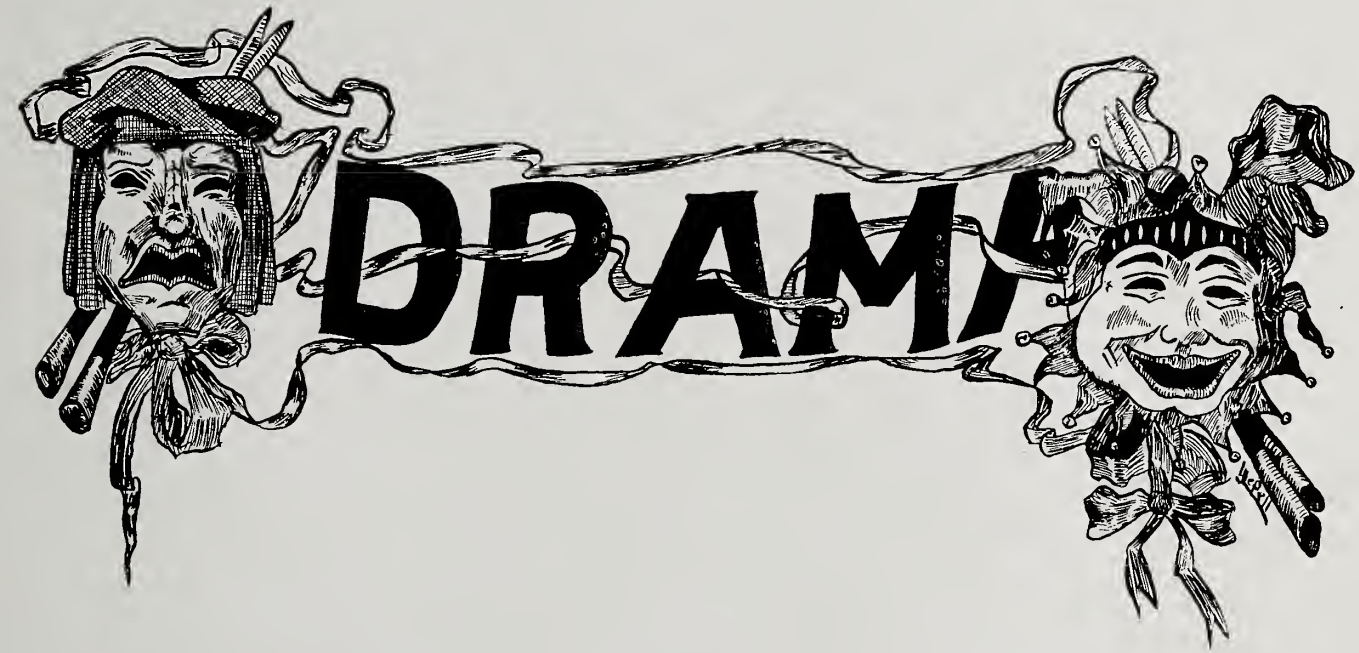
MOST strange it is about Commencement time
How Seniors walk on air instead of earth;
How their attitude is pensive, or most sublime,
While they look down on other's youthful mirth.

Desiring rather to inspire with awe,
Those not so blest as they in point of years;
To impress them with the unrefuted law,
That their experience has put aside all fears.

Then must memory of those years just past
When they through all the stages of their course
Have risen, cause them to reflect at last—

That whate'er of life's callings may be the source
Of livelihood, their minds must not disdain the force
Of elder counsel, wisdom by age imprinted fast.

—*Otis Sanford.*


DRAMA

THE CORDUROY REVUE

THE MOUSE TRAP.

DODGE'N BILLS

MME. SONGBIRDSKY.

ORGANIZED NOISE.

THE SENIOR CARNIVAL AND CORDUROY REVUE

"THE Seniors are going to have a Carnival!" This exclamation spread from mouth to mouth with great rapidity; and when the great event had become a reality surely no one was disappointed.

The guests were first ushered to the Assembly Room, where they witnessed the opening performance of "The Corduroy Revue." A tragedy (?) in one act called "Dodge'n Bills" was rendered by Messrs. Nixon and Morony, the clever comedians, and caused a storm of applause. Mme. Songbirdsky (Ruth Blachly) next appeared and delighted the audience with three charming numbers. "The Mouse Trap," a comedy, featuring Dorothy Bartholomew and Tom Morony as stars and supported by the Misses Neet, Green, Small, Keene, Todd, Long, and Boryczko was excellent; and the cast is to be complimented on the way in which the comedy was rendered. The Senior Class is surely indebted to Miss Benney for making this part of the entertainment possible. Last but not least came our High School Quartette under the title of "Organized Noise," and it was thru them that the zenith of the entertainment was reached. Too much praise cannot be given to these young men—Sanford, Wood, and Marimon—2.

PRINCESS MAJINA AND FINNIGAN THE HINDU

"Candy—cakes—pop-corn balls, n'everything!" Upon hearing this the guests immediately hastened to the lower floor, and it was not long until Auctioneer Corboy received a high bid for his last cake. The cries of Finnigan "the Hindu" rang thru the halls begging the people to learn their past, present and future plans from the Princess Majina (Phyllis Stinchfield).

Finally the sound of music reached the ears of the people and everyone adjourned to the Kindergarten Room to enjoy an hour of dancing. Altogether it was a delightful evening and a success in every way.

"BOOMERANGED"

CAST

Courtney Corliss—A gentleman of leisure with a theory concerning boomerangs and employing his idle time in the pleasant pursuit of hunting a face.....Stephen Corboy
Mr. Launcelot Bargiss—A retired party who becomes the victim of the inevitable, and is bound to his wife's hobby ..... Thomas Morony
Paul Hollyhock—His son-in-law, devoted to his potato beds until the tempter comes .....Bartlett Marimon
Signor Palmiro Tamborini—Late Maitre de Ballett, Covent Garden, more on a mission and searching for an original of a portrait ..... Bernard Finnigan
A Postman on his Round .....Charles Scott
Professor Gasleigh—Inventor and founder of a refuge for the outcasts of the pen .....Harold Wood
Mrs. Hypatia Bargiss—A lady possessed of ancestors, aspirations, and a hobby .....Phyllis Stinchfield
Dora Hollyhock—Her daughter, with a grievance, and who becomes at once her husband's tempter and his victim ..... Bessie Long
Flos—The much sought "7-20-8" .... Dorothy Bartholomew
Jessie—With yearnings beyond her station..... Edith Small
The Dog .....“Dinty” Sturdy

EVERYONE knew that the Class of '21 was especially gifted and original; but no one guessed that such remarkable talent as was displayed on the night of April 29 at the Memorial Opera House was to be found among such seemingly unsophisticated young people.

The audience was held captivated with interest and enthusiasm from the entrance of Jessie, the adorable little maid, until the grand finale when all members of the cast appeared. Peals of laughter could be heard during all parts of the performance, stimulating the efforts of the participants.

The cast had been most carefully chosen and the choice certainly proved to be a wise one. Stephen Corboy, Jr., as Mr. Courtney Corliss was all that a good looking young man rather hopelessly in love could be. Dorothy Bartholomew as Flos, the much sought "728," was charming and played her part with natural abandonment. Mr. Launcelot Bargiss (Thomas Morony) was an excellent character; indeed Tom surpassed all previous honors attained by him as an actor. Mrs. Hypatia Bargiss (Phyllis Stinchfield) was until the end a "woman possessed of a strength of character, impervious to persuasion." Mr. and Mrs. Hollyhock, a lovable young couple, and very much interested in one another, were cleverly portrayed by Bartlett Marimon and Bessie Long. Harold Wood as Professor Gasleigh proved conclusively that he possessed remarkable ability as an actor. Signor Palmiro Tamborini (Bernard Finnigan) brought forth applause again and again from the audience by his Italian accent and clever gestures. The

maid, Jessie, (Edith Small) was irresistible and found a place in the hearts of everyone. Charles Scott made an exceptionally good looking postman. Nor must we forget the bulldog—Dinty Sturdy—who appeared perfectly at ease due to the inspiration of a certain large Hershey bar.

From every standpoint the Senior Play as rendered by the Class of '21 was a huge success; and for this, too much praise can not be given to Miss Beulah Bondy whose earnestness and competency assisted by the full co-operation of the cast made such a play possible.

SPRING

IN the valley by the river
Which flows gently to the sea,
The dewy grass is made to quiver
By the sweet, refreshing breeze.

Then the rosy veils of east
Are lifted by Aurora's hand;
The sun is rising from its rest,
To steal the dew from all the land.

The daisies raise their sleeping heads,
And nod in the rays of the morning sun;
The starlike brilliance of the bed
Makes all the birds burst forth in song.

The robins and the bluebird sing
All the merry songs of Spring;
The cuckoo joins the happy ring,
And sings 'tis Spring, sweet-joyful Spring.

—*Dorothy Williams.*

MUSIC

THE Music Department of the Valparaiso High School has developed remarkably in the last three years under the direction of Miss Higbee. During her first year, Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, the Orchestra and Ukelele Clubs were organized. As there seemed to be an abundance of musical talent in the high school it was decided an Operetta should be given. After many weeks of practice, "The Little Tycoon," by Willard Spencer, was presented in April, 1919. It was a great success, due to the efforts of Miss Higbee and the response on the part of the students.

Last year the Glee Clubs and Orchestra made much improvement, but the Ukelele Club disbanded for like all other novelties ukeleles "were out of style." The Music Club because of its former success again undertook the task of putting on an operetta. This operetta required as much practice as did the former, but as all participants seemed to have entered into the spirit of "operettas" the result was that "Captain Crossbones" was even a greater success than the first operetta.

It can easily be said that the Music Club outclassed itself this year when it successfully presented a more difficult opera, that of "The Mikado."

Last fall a class in Harmony was added to the school curriculum. Although this study is one of the most difficult for high school students (outside of Physics) the interest has been splendid throughout the year and much has been accomplished by the class.

One morning of each week has been set aside for Assembly singing. Up until this year real four-part chorus work has not been done, but every student has put forth his best efforts for the success of the work, and again under the capable leadership of our beloved teacher, the entire assembly has entered into the spirit of these words:

"Ev'rybody sing out! And sing with all your might
"Ev'rybody sing out! It starts the day just right.
"Sing your part with zeal and zest.
"Ev'rybody sing out! And sing your best.
"If you want the music—Not study all day long
"Show your inclination, By the way you sing your song
"Ev'rybody get a tune, and sing out! anyhow
"Ev'rybody sing out now!"

The present graduating class is particularly grateful to Miss Higbee as more of its members have been benefited by her instruction than perhaps any other class. Out of this class she has trained an instrumental trio and a boys' quartette, besides many of our operetta soloists.

THE CONCERT

ON December 23, 1920, in the high school auditorium the Music Club gave its annual concert under the direction of Miss Juva Hibgee. The large audience was well pleased with the evening's entertainment which had been well spiced with variety and was well rendered. Spirited numbers by the orchestra, the Girls' Glee Club and the Boys' Glee Club were well received. Charles Coyer's violin solo received its usual ovation. A popular trio, trombone, and two saxaphones with Roger Wilson, Tom Morony, and Russel Nixon as the artists, stopped playing long before the audience was willing. The Music Club was assisted by Miss Alma Curtis who entertained with several excellent readings and Mr. Earl Salisbury who greatly added to the effectiveness of one number with a cello obligato.

PROGRAMME

1. Overture "Crusaders" ..... Rollinson
   Orchestra
2. Song "Rock-a-by-Lady" ..... Chapman
   Girls' Glee Club
3. Song "Recessional" ..... De Koven
   Boy's Glee Club
4. Violin Solo "Traumerei" ..... Schumann
   Charles Coyer
5. Song "Calvary" ..... Spindler
   Girls' Glee Club
6. Selection "Valse Danseuse" ..... Miles
   Orchestra
6. Reading ..... Selected
   Miss Curtis
8. Song "Because" ..... D'Hardelat
   Boy's Glee Club
9. Trio "Sextette from Lucia" ..... Donizetti
   Roger Wilson, Thomas Morony, Russel Nixon
10. Song "Doris" ..... Nevin
    Girls' Glee Club

    Violin Obligato, Charles Coyer
    Cello Obligato, E. J. Salisbury
11. Song "Barcarolle" ..... Offenbach
    Boy's Glee Club
12. Selection "March Militaire" ..... Schubert
    Orchestra

Accompanist, Helen Fehrman-Johnson

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Ruth Blachly
Anna Boryczko
Marjorie Cole
Susanne De Vroe
Edith Small
Florence Williams
Bernice Hughart
Kathryn Fox
Mary Sanford
Dorothy Dee
Laura Neet
Autumn Bartholomew
Dorothy Williams
Phyllis Stinchfield
Dorothy Todd
Nellie Loomis
Anna Christy
Mildred Jordan
Eva Keene
Margerite Bartholomew
Constance Parker
Irene Szold
Dorothy Dodge
Mary Howard
Mabel Collins
Eleanor Zellar
Florence Stansell
Esther Hughart
Mabel Sholes
Emily Marine

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

First Tenor—

Otis Sanford
Tom Morony
Lowell Dowdell

Second Tenor—

Thomas Marimon
Merle Dowdell
Paul Ellis

First Bass—

Bruce Stansell
Le Roy Stansell
George Hauff
Leonard Spooner
Warren Dee
Howard Oldham
Edward Billings
Bernard Finnigan

Second Bass—

Bartlett Marimon
Kenneth Lawrence
Harold Wood
Charles Riddle
Willard Lowe
Clair Maxwell
Herbert Mitchell

ORCHESTRA

Violins, first—
Charles Coyer, Joseph Boryczko.
Violins, second—
Eva Kruse, Alberta Muster, E. Bernhart, H. Eschell.
Clarinets—
Paul Ellis, Leonard Spooner.
Saxaphones—
Tom Morony, Russel Nixon, Nathan Worstell.
Cornet—
Harold Wood.
Trombone—
Richard Fabing.
Cello—
Arthur Butler, Julia Sprencil.
Double Bass—
Roger Wilson.
Drums—
Dorothy Dodge.
Pianist—
Ruth Fredericks.

ON March thirty-first and April first the Music Club presented "The Mikado," an English comic opera in two acts, written by Arthur Sullivan. It was given at the Memorial Opera House and both performances were played to packed houses.

CAST

1. The Mikado of Japan ..... Lowell Dowdell
2. Nanki-Poo (his son disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with Yum-Yum) ..... Otis Sanford
3. Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu ..... Thomas Morony
4. Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else) ..... LeRoy Stansell
5. Pish-Tush (a Noble Lord) ..... Thomas Marimon
6. Yum-Yum, Petti-Sing, Peep-Bo (Three sisters, Wards of Ko-Ko) ..... Ruth Blachly, Irene Szold, Mildred McCord
7. Katisha (an elderly lady in love with Nanki-Poo) ..... Jennie Brown

"THE MIKADO"

THE V. H. S. Music Club completely outclassed itself in anything yet attempted in most successfully presenting "The Mikado". The excellence of the production was threefold, the singing, the acting, and the orchestral accompaniment. It was by far the most difficult opera ever attempted by the club and it shows the careful training the musicians have received the last three years under the musical instructor, Miss Juva Higbee.

Otis Sanford in various roles has played the love-sick swain on the high school stage but this year he certainly won well-deserved admiration as a perfect lover. Tom Morony as Lord High Executioner captivated the audience from his first appearance to his last by his marvelous acting. (We always knew that Tom would be a great actor some day.) Lowell Dowdell's pompous personality and deep voice were well adapted to the character of the Mikado. LeRoy Stansell as Pooh-Bah, the court Factotum, proved to be a very good Lord High Everything Else. Tom Marimon, who presented Pish-Push, always taking the joy out of life, played his part very well and was the winner of much admiration from the audience. The three little maids from school, dignified Yum-Yum, pert little Petti-Sing, beautiful Peep-Bo, were charmingly represented by Ruth Blachly, Irene Szold and Mildred McCord. Early in act one, this trio fascinated the audience but gained in favor on every new appearance. Miss Jennie Brown made a decided hit as Katisha. Her duet with Ko-Ko was one of the best pieces of the work of the evening and won continued applause.

Mention should be made of the excellent work of the chorus of school girls, nobles, guards and coolies. The mixed chorus was especially fine and the spirited rendition of some of the well-known songs was largely responsible for the success of the production.

Much gratitude and appreciation are due Miss Higbee and Miss Bondy, director of dramatics, for making this operetta a success in every way and the best the high school has ever given.

—Ruth Blachly.

Athletics

FOOTBALL

ONCE more the Valparaiso High School is represented on the gridiron.

The first football game in which Valparaiso High has participated for many years was played on the Froebel field. As was expected, the local pigskin warriors were not victorious, for it takes both experience and much practice to play this game successfully. We had neither.

Two weeks later the other and stronger of the two Gary teams was encountered, and as the locals held the Emerson team to a closer score by twenty points, it is clear that much improvement had been made. The Emerson team suffered many penalties for their style of football. Frederick Le Pell was knocked unconscious for a time but gamely refused to be taken out of the game.

On November sixth of last year, our first home game was scheduled with East Chicago. This game took place on the University field. In the first half of the game the East Chicago lads made two touchdowns on slips in the game, for which half the credit should be given the referee. For the remainder of the game the Valparaiso lads stiffened up and completely whipped them, though no scores were made. Hence East Chicago was victorious, but Valpo rooters were satisfied of their own team's superiority.

For the last time the V. H. S. warriors labored for a victory, when by the hand of Providence, Kentland won the game after a hard struggle, on November thirteenth, at Kentland.

Next fall will see V. H. S. again lined up for a real showing on the gridiron. Marimon, Deu and Wood will be missed from the squad, but all the others will be available. It is easy to predict a satisfactory season with this number of experienced candidates for the eleven. Games have been scheduled with Emerson, Whiting, Froebel, Michigan City and East Chicago.

Mr. Schenck, our Coach, was ably assisted in football by Le Roy Stansell, '20, and Thomas Marimon, '21, the first student holding office under the student managership ruling of the Athletic Association. "Stans" put in many hours of hard work with the boys for no pay, and the school appreciates his spirit. As Student Football Manager, Tom won the coveted monogram by his hard work and capability, and insured the success of this new phase of student responsibility.

THE SQUAD

Top Row—Arthur Shinabarger, Fred Whittenberg, William Blaese, Harry Deu, John Lytle, Charles Thune, Floyd Meeks, Allen McCord, Mr. Jessee, Faculty Manager, Tom Marimon, Student Manager.

Second Row—Harold Wood, Leonard Spooner, Charles Riddle, Frederick LePell, Earl Scott, Dale Light, Deforest Seymour.

Bottom Row—Coach Schenck, Carl Gruenert, Kenneth Lawrence, Bartlett Marimon, Harold Bailey, Charles Coyer, Captain, Loring LePell, Milton Leetz, LeRoy Stansell, Assistant Coach.

INTERCLASS FOOTBALL

THE "old faithful" Fair Grounds was the scene of many hotly-contested interclass conflicts during this year. The first of these was the Football series.

The Seniors, as usual, showed their rallying good sportsmanship, but could not induce anyone of their number to run the goal for a touchdown. Hence the wise and matured veterans won every game but three, and those three games constituted the entirety of the series for them.

The Juniors seemed to have a combination which could not be overwhelmed. They first ploughed their way thru the immovable wall of the Seniors. This proved the old question of Physics in a somewhat different manner: that when an irresistible force meets an immovable body, the irresistible force goes thru. From that victory the sturdy pigskins took the Freshmen on for an overwhelming defeat; these poor, green lads took it hard, for as a usual thing the Freshmen class tries to win everything and "almost" win nothing. They then held the Sophomores to a tie. This gave them the right to the championship.

The Freshmen won third place by winning one and holding the Sophomores to a tie.

The Seniors were given fourth place, which they took cheerfully, for they well knew that it is an honor even to be given a place, no matter how far down.

Out of these games grew the V. H. S. Varsity and a friendly rivalry between classes that has served to spice the entire school year.

ATHLETIC GOSSIP

THE Sophomore athletic star seems to be in the ascendancy this year; they copped the honors in both baseball and track. In baseball they beat the Seniors by one run. The Seniors made no entries for track. This will be interpreted in different ways, depending, of course, upon whether you are a Senior or not.

The Freshmen had two clean slates—basketball, 1.000; baseball, 0.000. Other clean slates were: Juniors, basketball, 0.000, football, 1.000; Seniors, football, 0.000.

The Senior Class bears our coach no ill-will for his various malicious digs at its athletic prowess (?), realizing that it was undoubtedly for its own good. In self-defense, however, it wishes to remind the world of the two seconds it copped, basketball and baseball, asserting its superiority over at least two other classes in these branches.

The inter-class track meet displayed some good material, principally in the Sophomore class, which took the banner. Some of it proved, however, to be ineligible for inter-scholastic competition at South Bend. Valparaiso did send three competitors, Thomas Clifford, Charles Riddle and Herbert Mohnssen, and succeeded in tieing ten other schools in the zero column.

Well, in parting, we must say that though our inter-scholastic year cannot be said to have been very successful, owing to unavoidable circumstances, yet our inter-class contests have been of immeasurable value in disclosing material at an early stage of its development to our far-sighted coach.

V

MR. SCHENCK

MR. JESSEE

W. H. S. has been fortunate in the last two years to have the services of such an all-around athletic man as Mr. Schenck as coach. Although he has been greatly handicapped this year in the way of material and because of sickness among the players, he has always been boosting the spirit of the players and the fans alike. His was the best example of the fighting spirit in the face of odds. Besides the regular basketball, he has revived football and promoted all sorts of interclass contests, not to mention his responsibility for inaugurating our school paper, "The Boomerang". This little recognition is totally inadequate as an expression of our appreciation of his work.

AS FACULTY Manager, Mr. Jessee cannot be surpassed. Largely responsible for V. H. S. participating in athletics in the first place and a chronic booster now, he has certainly done his part towards making V. H. S. respected for clean sport in Indiana H. S. Athletics. Our coach expressed our sentiments when he said. "Of all the men whose authority I've respected, I take my stand by Mr. Jessee. When he's right he knows he's right, and no threats or entreaties can shake his policy. I'd rather work for a man like that than a dozen men who can be influenced by anyone to change or 'take back' any policy known to be right."

EARL SCOTT

"Scotty", our captain, is respected and feared on every basketball floor in Northern Indiana. His speed and fight were an inspiration to his teammates. Had he not been handicapped by illness a great part of the season, Valpo's standing would certainly have been greatly lifted. Earl is a Junior and has a bright future in athletics.

CHARLES COYER

"Chuck" always played the big end of the floor to an advantage, and seldom it was that anyone was sly enough to get around him and cage a ringer. Fans often remarked on his speed in spite of his weight. He was probably the best back guard in the sectional tournament. Although "Chuck" was unable to play in many games, he put up a stellar defense when he was there. His teammates say that his mere presence "back there" made them feel confident.

BARTLETT MARIMON

"Bud" alternated at center and floor guard, a consistent player in both positions. He was the only representative of the Senior class on the first team and played in every game of the season. The build that made him hard to stop in football was equally hard for his opponents to overcome in basketball. He deserved the coveted sweater for his faithfulness and persistence, especially when V. H. S. basketball hopes seemed to have flown.

DE FOREST SEYMOUR

"Seymour" played in every game of the season and scarcely ever broke his record of getting a keystone. At all times he displayed a fighting spirit, and that, combined with a willingness to do his best, will mold into shape a good basketball tosser. Being a Sophomore he has two more years to play, and will certainly take his place among the varsity of the coming years to a great advantage.

KENNETH LAWRENCE

"K" played his last game at the tourney because of the four-year ruling. No one ever practiced more conscientiously than he did to better his game. His eye for the basket boosted Valpo's score many times, and the ominous approach of his big bulk caused many wild throws on the part of opponents.

DALE LIGHT

Dale, better known as "Jerk", is a Freshman, and certainly has the stuff in athletics. He counted more points for Valpo than any other member of the team. Scott's illness broke up a team play of this pair that brought big results early in the season. Dale was himself out of the game for a time because of an injured hand, and his tossing was missed. "Jerk" is young and holds his athletic future in his own hands.

KENNETH CLEVELAND

"Lucky" is a snappy player and a jolly fellow to be around. He will be one of the veterans around whom next year's team will be built. Hammond's loss was our gain.

MILTON LEETZ

"Millie" is a young basket-tosser with three years ahead of him. With his scrap and ability he promises to be the strongest man on some future team. Whenever a guard of sticking qualities was desired Leetz was usually picked, and he made good.

CHARLES RIDDLE

"Charlie" is a Sophomore who seems to be an all-around man. He played basketball this year for the first time and everyone wished that he had started sooner. With his willingness to work and determination to do the right thing, Charlie will develop into a valuable man.

FLOYD MEEKS

Floyd has the physique, a natural aptitude for the reverse turn and a wicked eye for the basket. With the seasoning of a year or two he will be a valuable man. When next year rolls around we want Meeks to be on hand.

BASKETBALL

THE basketball season started off with a boom, and much spirit was manifested.

The first three games of the season were played in rapid succession, and on the home floor. These three games seemed to be the sticking point until Plymouth came to the "Vale" to meet disastrous defeat.

Elkhart was first to meet her Waterloo, after a hard struggle. Then followed Laporte, who took defeat in their usual sportsmanlike way, in an overtime game. Lowell came third and also traveled homeward with long faces.

After this short period of victory the black hand of defeat, in the form of illness, and other misfortunes, came, and grasped the team in an unrelenting grip, which lasted until the tourney.

In spite of all misfortune, the name of Valparaiso High School was maintained in the ranks of real sports, and it is conceded by all that a fighting spirit was upheld until the final whistle was blown at the close of the Valparaiso-Lowell game, which put V. H. S. out of the tourney.

THE TOURNAMENT

The sectional tourney was held at the Froebel gym and a lively crowd of rooters was in attendance.

The first game of the contest was played between Valparaiso and Lowell. By some misfortune that fatal "curve" was hung around the neck of the Lowell team and by no means of offensive could it be dislodged. Thus it may be, that by so conducting herself, the Lowell team arose to victory after a very hard, scrappy game.

After the usual interesting contest of elimination, the Whiting and Emerson teams played the final game. After one of the most exciting games ever witnessed by a spectator, and much to the surprise of all, Emerson seemed to weaken and the Oil City lads, after taking the laurels, took a triumphant trip home.

"One of the outstanding features of the tourney was the loyalty of Valparaiso support and the sportsmanship with which they accepted defeat," said one of the officials.

FROSH

SENIORS

BASKET BALL INTER-CLASS

JUNIORS

SOPHIES

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

THE Interclass Basketball tourney was a compact bundle of fun. The first games were played on the famous out-of-door gym floor of the Valparaiso High School Gymnasium, in the fall, and the latter were played on the floor of the University Gym, which closely resembled a greased pole as to surface, in the spring. On account of the fact that the first games were a tie all around, the latter games only will be discussed.

The Freshmen won this tourney by first winning from the Sophomores by an overwhelming score, then taking the Juniors on for a trimming, and third, winning from the Seniors after the hardest game of the season. This episode gave the underclassmen an undisputed right to the honor of being the champion team of basket throwers.

The "never-dying" Seniors came in second, having won two out of three games; first, by winning from the Juniors; and second, by smothering the Sophomores. Mr. Jessee, their most loyal supporter, celebrated their victories with popcorn balls and apples.

The Sophomores were allowed to take third place after winning one game from the Juniors, who were exceedingly consistent in their losing, having lost three out of three of the games.

Good sportsmanship was predominant. Everyone enjoyed this Basketball feast.

Interclass Standing

Freshmen	1.000	3 of 3
Seniors	.666	2 of 3
Sophomores	.333	1 of 3
Juniors	.000	0

BASEBALL INTERCLASS V.H.S. '21

Sophies

Juniors

Seniors

Frosh

INTERCLASS BASEBALL

THE Baseball Interclass Tournament started and ended in a spectacular manner.

The opening game was played by the two lower classes. After much skillful twirling on the part of Charles Thune, the Freshman Class was conquered. Immediately following this game, the Seniors and Juniors met in a highly exciting game which ended in a score of five to three in favor of the Juniors. These games merely added punch to the conflict and the whole metropolis buzzed with the argument as to which team would be in the end triumphant. These two games constituted the first day's series.

The following day the Seniors came out in a grand array, not at all dampened by one defeat, and played the Freshmen. This game ended in a triumph for the Seniors and added one more defeat to the banners of the underclassmen. With this added pomp the Seniors witnessed the Juniors go to defeat before the unbeatable Sophomores, and then all returned homeward to prepare for a third day's battle.

With the score so arranged as to cause a triple tie among the three classes, Senior, Junior, and Sophomores, provided that the Seniors should win from the Sophs, which seemed out of all reason, four classes journeyed to "Old Faithful" to see the outcome of the struggle. In the midst of a terrific barrage of noise, the Seniors and Sophomores took their respective places on the field. The Seniors had first bats, but to no advantage, for they made not a single point. In the second inning the Sophomores made one point, which was destined to be their last. In their half of the third inning the Seniors made two runs, and thus they were victorious. This grand surprise left the three upper classes tied for first place.

At this stage of the game a very magnificent trophy was presented to the High School by Mr. Fred Moltz, proprietor of the jewelry store. The trophy consists of a silver baseball mounted on a tripod of silver bats which is fastened on a silver-plated base. The trophy is a very handsome piece and is to be used for four years, each year having the name of the championship team engraved on the side of the ball.

With such an incentive to work, the three classes, now even more determined than ever, went out to play the final games. After drawing cuts to see who should play first, the Sophomores and Juniors played the first game, in which, after a supreme fight, the Juniors went down to defeat. The final game was played on the next suitable day, which was the following Tuesday. Before a large crowd the enthusiastic Seniors made two runs. The Sophomores came in strong and also made two runs, thus tieing the score. In the second inning the veterans made one run while the Sophomores made two. This gave the Sophomores the victory. It is now history that the Sophomore Class is the first class to have its name engraved on the Moltz trophy.

The V. H. S. A. A. made the following athletic awards for the season 1920-21:

Football Monograms—

1. Charles Riddle
2. Loring LePell
3. Harold Bailey
4. Kenneth Lawrence
5. DeForest Seymour
6. Carl Gruenert
7. Milton Leetz
8. Dale Light
9. Frederick LePell
10. Charles Coyer
11. Earl Scott
12. John Lytle
13. Charles Thune
14. Allen McCord
15. Bartlett Marimon
16. Arthur Shinabarger

Basketball Letters—

1. Charles Coyer
2. Earl Scott
3. Kenneth Lawrence
4. Bartlett Marimon
5. Dale Light
6. DeForest Seymour

Basketball Monograms—

1. Floyd Meeks
2. Milton Leetz
3. Kenneth Cleveland
4. Leonard Spooner
5. Charles Riddle
6. Isadore Simon
7. Kenneth Larson
8. Paul Ellis

Thomas Marimon, Student Football Manager, and Ralph Brenner, Student Basketball Manager, received special monograms as prescribed by the A. A.

V. H. S. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

H. M. JESSEE, *Manager* EARL SCOTT, *President* OTIS SANFORD, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Rules Committee

Thomas Marimon, Chairman
Phyllis Stinchfield
Warren Dee

Finance Committee

Russel Nixon, Chairman
Ruth Blachly
Merle Dowdell

MR. SCHENCK, *Coach*

This organization, comprising nearly 100% of the student body and faculty, is the backing of all athletics in our school. As we have no gym of our own it is vital to the athletic life of the school. The student spirit this year has been unsurpassed, the spirit that furnishes Valparaiso a good team in spite of obstacles.

The inauguration of the student managership plan, of awards for other sports than basketball, the revival of interscholastic football, the encouragement of interclass contests, and the sponsorship of the High School monthly, "The Boomerang", have been some of the notable activities this year.

THE GIANT-PIGMY GAME

The basketball classic of the year was the Giant-Pigmy encounter "to settle once and for all which of the two races, now nearly extinct, are the greater athletes." The spokesman of the Pigmies was our snappy athletic mentor, and their champions were Isadore Simon, K. Larson, F. Le Pell, H. Gustafson, and H. Wade. They were met in deadly combat by such physical and intellectual giants as Nixon, Brenner, Thune, L. Le Pell, and Bailey. The result was a decisive victory for the super-men. It was even rumored that the Valenian Editor might take part for the long-geared tossers, and there was not a little speculation regarding his probable ludicrous appearance in basketball undress togs. The fans were disappointed in this, but highly entertained by the scrimmage they saw.

"THE BOOMERANG"

THE first four issues of the paper were published by the classes in succession, beginning with the Seniors. Then it was desired that a permanent staff be elected. Out of this desire grew the following offices and officers:

Editor ..... Russel Nixon

Assistant Editor ..... Merle Dowdell

Associate Business Managers.... Paul Ellis, Leonard Spooner

Censor ..... Mr. Schenck

To this staff as a nucleus have been added from time to time:

Exchange Editor..... Dickey Mitchell

Athletic Editor..... Ralph Brenner

Joke Editor ..... Jesse Bowman

Current News..... Alice Parker, Marjorie Tousley

REPORTERS

Dorothy Dodge	Edna Grace Zemer
Edith Small	Dan Erwin
Delphine Corson	Frederick LePell

These officers, under the excellent censorship and, we might say, instruction, of Mr. Schenck, have given us a real, live school paper. Special mention should be made of the work of the editor, Russel Nixon, and his able assistant, Merle Dowdell.

We feel that great good has come out of this little brother of the Valenian, and hope, for future classes, that it can be continued a permanent publication.

NON SENSE
McPell
Carter

A HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

Stephen Corboy.....The Boy
Laura Neet.....The Girl
Miss Benney.....The Teacher

ACT I

Laura writes an English outline with such ability
That usually her efforts are rewarded with an "E".

ACT II

Steve "hasn't had time" to do this work, he's had so much to do of late,
So Laura lends it to him so he can keep right up-to-date.

ACT III

He labors (this is sad) to make a copy exact:
It took almost fifteen minutes to carry through this act.

ACT IV

He hands the paper to Miss Benney with a touch of fatherly pride;
"It meant hours of hard work," and he sighed as he lied.

ACT V

Alas! When she gave it back he was dumbfounded to see
His very "excellent" work degraded with a "P".

JOKE DEPARTMENT

We editors may dig and toil
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before!"

I once knew
A girl
Who was so modest
That she wouldn't
Even do
Improper fractions.

Underclassman: "Is pants singular or plural?"

Senior: "If a man wears them it's plural; if he doesn't it's singular!"

John H. (calling for Ruth)—Rings bell.

She (admitting him to living room): "Oh John, I'm only about half dressed!"

He: "That so? How long have you been waiting?"

Frances Tilton (trying to read her shorthand notes): "My pencil is so dim I can hardly see it!"

Miss Bartholomew: "What is dough?"

Verona: "Something that is 'needed'."

Miss B. (in Eng. VIII): "What has made this poem remain throughout the ages?"

George J.: "Why, it was written down and never got lost."

Little bits of paper,
Written oh so "Neet",
Pass between two seniors
Every time they meet.

The gas went out to meter;
The egg went out to beater;
The nutmeg went to grater;
But, alas! the radiator!

The one: "How does it happen that you get such low grades in English?"

The other: "Miss B. doesn't seem to be able to ask any questions that I can answer."

Miss Welty (explaining ablative degree of difference): "The man was six feet taller than his brother."

Miss Benney (in English VIII): "Richard, whenever I look at you sternly, it means take something out of your mouth."

Plus: "Have you heard the miracles the farmers have recently performed?"

Minus: "No! What are they?"

Plus: "Oh, he turns his horses to grass and his cows to pasture."

Father: "Johnny, what is this 60 on your report card?"

Johnny: "I think that's the temperature of the room."

DEFINITION

A student is one who has a great opportunity to learn if he only had the time.

"God must love flunkers; He made so many of them."

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Letter to a schoolmaster: "My son will be unable to attend school today as he has just shaved himself for the first time."

Minister: "Would you like to join us in the new missionary movement?"

Miss 1921: "I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like toddling?"

"How would you like to sign up with me for a life game?" was the way a baseball fan proposed.

"I'm agreeable," replied the girl. "Where's your diamond?"

She: "I wish I could improve my dancing."

He: "The feeling is mutual."

RECIPE FOR FLUNKS

Take a string of bluffs, stir in a lot of thin excuses. Add a few stalls, according to taste, and sift in an abundance of enthusiasm. Flavor well with moonshine caught on numerous evening strolls, then stuff with one night's cramming and serve hot on examination at the end of the term.

Miss Sieb (Eng. III): "What is that Mercury has in his hand?"

Harold Gustafson: "A sepulcher."

Miss Ashton: "What calamity did Pandora, the first woman, bring upon the earth?"

Bright student: "A hope chest."

ADVICE TO JUNIORS

Never use a pony; it is considered an underhanded trick and is very stale. During an exam simply have your text-book on the desk and refer to it whenever necessary.

Never hand in your experiments until the last minute—it is a sure way of making trouble for Mr. Pauley.

If you are in Miss Benney's English class, be sure and turn up your seat when called upon to recite—you will receive more attention.

When you are caught ditching explain by saying that you were moved about your mother's health and simply had to go home and see her.

Steve (after the Play): "Isn't it funny, I sold all my tickets and only have fifty cents?"

Mr. Newton (to Tom Morony, who was balancing a book on his chin): "Stop this foolishness and get to work."

Tom: "Please, sir, I'm balancing the ledger."

OUR BOOK STORE

"The Long Night"—
Before the Exams.
"Lords of Creation"—
The Senior Class.
"The Seats of the Mighty"—
The Front Seats in Assembly.
"The Great Forgery"—
Who signed the excuse blank?
"The Place of Penitence"—
The chairs in the office.

Do dark-haired men marry first?
No; the light-headed ones always do.

Farmers may talk of the bluebirds,
Of zephyrs the poets may sing;
But a tack upright
Is the sign of an early spring.

Leonard S.: "Oh, are you in the 'Mouse-Trap'?"

Dorothy B.: "Why of course."

L. S.: "Oh, I see; you're the whole cheese."

—o—

She: "Why do you say my lips are like an old coat?"

He: "They should be pressed."

Russ: "Why do you wear your one sock wrong side out?"

Pete: "Because there's a hole in the other side of it."

Otis S. (in Chicago restaurant to waitress): "How is the chicken to-day?"

She: "Pretty well, kiddo. How's yourself?"

Mrs. Neet: "I insist, Laura, you can only have dates on Sunday."

Laura: "Oh well, every day'll be Sunday by and by."

Mr. Pauley: "What invented the steam engine?"

Steve: "What?" (Watt.)

Mr. P.: "Correct."

"My cocoa is cold."

"Put on your hat."

Dale Light: "Good heavens! Is your soup gone already?"

Chas. Riddle: "Economy, my boy. I feared to lose some through evaporation."

Paul E.: "Do you know why I'm a deep thinker?"

Gillett: "No."

P.: "None of my ideas ever get to the surface."

Miss Mc. (in History): "What do we learn from the reign of Charles I?"

Timmie: "Not to lose our heads in time of excitement."

Bessie L. (reading S. play): "I drop my eyes—"

Bernard F.: "Was that the time your face fell?"

One: "Coyer's violin execution was simply marvelous."

The other: "Wasn't it, though? You could see the assembly hanging on every note."

Irene: "I'll never marry a man who won't look me straight in the eye."

Autumn: "Then you'd better wear 'em a little longer, my dear."

To kiss the miss you ought to kiss
Is not to kiss amiss,
But to kiss the miss you ought not to kiss
It to kiss a miss amiss.

SONG OF A LOVER

O darling, I have sung your charms—
The ripple in your tawny hair;
I like the muscle in your arms,
Your tilted nose that takes the air.
Your voice is low, I like your laughter,
I revel in your tears—
I search your features, fore and after—
But, I have never seen your ears!

Miss Mc. (in Trig.): "Theres' only one Gillett in this class, please."

Dot Dodge: "And he is a razor—h, hum!"

Russ N.: "Hod Oldham doesn't own it."

Mr. Boucher (in Geom. III): "Let's hear the next problem."

Rum: "I worked the wrong one."

Mr. B.: "Well, let's hear the wrong one."

Rum: "It isn't right."

Phil S.: "Where was I Friday night?"

Maymer: "Why, I don't know?"

Phil S.: "Yes, I remember; I had something on."

YOU TELL 'EM

You tell 'em, Minnie; you can give them the ha, ha!

You tell 'em, Dam; you've got something behind you.

You tell 'em, Lincoln Highway; you're rough enough.

You tell 'em, Dot; you can Dodge the brick-bats.

Miss B. in Eng. VIII): "What does Darwin bring out in his 'Origin of Species'?"

Dick Fabing: "His main point is that man descended or ascended from a monkey. I don't remember which it was."

Junior: "How did you make it in that last test?"

Fresh.: "Rotten; I only answered about half of the questions."

Junior: "How near were you to the right answer?"

Fresh.: "Two seats."

A chemistry student named Duff,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Touched a match to the vial
And after a while
They found his teeth and a cuff.

A WINTER SCENE

Little drops of water,
Freezing as they fall,
Make a fat man's feet fly upward,
Alas—but that is all.

He meets her,
He greets her,
He leads her on one grand tare;
He flatters her,
He chats to her,
And raves about her hair—
Her eyes—!
Her cheeks—!
Her hands—!
Her lips—!
He misses her,
He kisses her,
He sends her all kinds of stuff.
But—oh, boy!
She turned him down,
And
Now
He's
Got Enough!

OH YOU PUNCTUATION!

In the church the bride was standing on her head. The orange blossoms in her heart; and in her spirit were a dozen sweet perfumes. Down the aisle the groom came walking on his hand. There was a ring in his ear! The organ music made him think; his soul must sing through an alley. Sweet with flowers the band is on the march blowing bugles with their noses. They inhale the scent, the arch and flagstones in the floor. Echo forth the happy day. Then the groom cuts off her head. One small tress to wear for aye.

"ONE NIGHT"

Flirtation.
Loiteration.
Joination.
More flirtation.
Conversation.
Situation.
More flirtation.
Squeezation.
Exclamation.
Star Gazation.
Osculation.
Still more flirtation.

—T. Morony.

Mother: "Have you made up your mind to stay in?"

Bones: "No, I've made up my face to go out."

IF THEY LIVED TO-DAY

Cleopatra—My dear, Antony is a perfectly wonderful dancer!

Antony—I met a girl during the war in Egypt who was some knockout.

Julius Caesar—I will not be interviewed on the Irish question.

Cicero—I am doing my best to bring down prices.

Queen Elizabeth—I simply cannot keep a cook in my castle.

Marie Antoinette—The prices of hats—aren't they simply AW-ful!

Sir Walter Raleigh—I should be glad to let you walk on my overcoat, but at the present price of wool I cannot afford to. Sorry.

Poppa: "You can get rid of money faster than any person I know."

Minor: "True, dad, but listen; by getting rid of it quickly I save lots of time, and time, you know, is money."

He: "But, dear, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

She: "On any grounds within a mile of our house."

Bart M.: "Wake up! What's that noise?"

Harold W.: "Lie down and go to sleep; that's the bed ticking."

B.: "Or probably the rubber plant stretching itself down stairs."

JAZZ

It tickles up and down your spine,
The violins and cellos whine,
The cymbals clash, the big cornet
Mixes in with the flageolet
In that syncopating,
aggravating,
fascinating,
palpitating
Something that is—Jazz.

Oh Terpsichore, please take my hand
And lead me to some colored land,
Where I will hear all night and day
Those famous Darktown strutters play
That most gigantic,
wild and frantic,
melodramatic
corybantic,
necromantic
Something that is—Jazz.

It hits your head and then your feet,
You simply cannot keep your seat.
You want to wiggle, jig, and prance
Like old St. Vitus at a dance;
That most emphatic,
most erratic,
acrobatic,
achromatic
Something that is—Jazz.

—Tom Morony.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Reading her Latin away,
When up came a declension
Beyond comprehension,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

It was a moonlight night and they were strolling on the beach.

She: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

He: "No, dearest; only the untied."

YE KNOW 'EM BY

Tom Morony—Absence of a shave.

Edna Zemer—"Avoirdupois".

Laura Neet—Those adorable dimples.

Otis Sanford—"Loftiness of thought".

Bart Marimon—"His voice was low and—"

Ivan Hayhurst—His "frolicksome" nature.

Pete LePell—His "stealthy" stride.

Phyllis Stinchfield—Her "farmer" tastes.

Ruth Blachly—That captivating smile.

Stephen Corboy—Innocence personified.

"NO! NO! NOT THAT!"

You wil all admit that dreams are often confusing. The dream I had last night was exceedingly amusing.

I dreamed that Coraellene Perkins was a Grecian dancer in a European Court; that George Johnson was the bathing suit censor at a prominent summer resort.

Harry Atwell was a hero of the moving picture screen; his leading lady was an adorable girl I once knew as Eva Keene.

Stephen Corboy was the owner of the Morrison Hotel, and as a designer of beautiful gowns Tom Mariman was doing well.

Gillett Bowman had just finished a book on two and one-half per cent beer, while as a ribbon clerk Warren Dee was a great engineer.

For Woman's Suffrage, Mildred Jordan was doing her best; Roger Wilson was a pious monk in far-off Budapest.

In Wisconsin Phil Stinchfield was raising chickens for the state. Mabel Collins' latest hair tonic was guaranted to raise hair on the baldest pate.

Marjorie, Valeria and Myrtle in Paree a gay time were havin'; Otis Sanford had made a hit as Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

In Boston, Dorothy Williams was a barber; Harold Wood was a lumberjack up in Benton Harbor.

Florence Williams kept a home for aged and decrepit cats; Bessie Long was in the Emporium selling the latest French hats.

Charles Scott was bugler in the Kouts Home Guards, and Joe Boryczko was a killer in the Chicago Stock Yards.

Anna Boryczko was selling a patent non-sticking glue to a paperhanger of international fame by the name of Harry Due.

Hallie Blachly was on Wall Street, secretary of a great financier; Tom Morony had just finished a cyclone cellar to be used during leap-year.

Herbert Krull to the royal purple was born; Bart Marimon and Laura Neet were writing advice to the love-lorn.

Dorothy Bartholomew wrote a play in seven reels for Dick Fabing, the detective (he coudn't run down his own heels).

Bernard Finnigan was a cowboy on the wild Arizona plains; Anna Christy had composed many syncopated strains.

Harriet Erickson lived high and above most people, for she had painted the Methodist Church, was just finishing the steeple.

Now up in New York, the poker shark who always called your bluff, we remember as the boy back in school days known on rainy days as George Hauff.

Susanne DeVroe was world-famed as the winner of many debates, and Ruth Blachly run a factory where they made just roller skates.

Muriel Rosenburger was a lion-tamer in the Lincoln Park Zoo! Helen Green traveled extensively in a little birch canoe.

I myself was a prize fighter of considerable note; Edna Grace Zemer had a job showing dark-haired men how to vote.

And then I awoke, glad to have found it was all a joke, and I hope it is not a prophecy of things that will ever come to be.

—Edith Small.

All nonsense!—Dorothy Bartholomew. Help!

ALUMNI

KNOWING that some news regarding the Alumni of V. H. S. is ever welcome, we offer these items noting the important changes in their lives since the last issue of the Valenian, and the whereabouts of last year's graduating class.

Among the honors for scholarship received by alumni in the past year were the election of Frederick Arvin '17 and Leonora Wise '15 to the Phi Betta Kappa, a fraternity of national scholars; the awarding of the French scholarship to Margery Ellis '17 by the University of Chicago, giving her the opportunity to study in France the coming year; the acception of Mark Loring '18 by the Rush Medical College, one of the twenty-five accepted out of two hundred applicants.

Many friends mourn the death of Ruth Maguire, '18, and Walter McGillicuddy, '02.

The following marriages have taken place in the past year:

Ralph Parks '12	Louise Roessler '13
Irene McWhinney '16	Milton Take
William Sergeant '18	Edna Dolisi
Marie Lisle '18	George Lewry
Florence Green '16	L. D. Smith
Harry Carson '03	Marian Dorris
Chester Fay '15	Ruth Louderback '14
Helen Fehrman '13	Harry Johnson
Percy Lawrence '10	Rosemarie Hansen
Freda Bruns '06	Charles MacAlpen
Grace Wareham '17	Frederick Limb
Lucile Campbell '16	Ralph Wittmer
Lillian Sayres '16	John W. Campbell
Lolita Shirer '20	Henry N. Elvig

Alice Blachley '17	Walter J. Bartz
Leila Bundy '13	Riley Johnson
Wayne McDaniels '13	Lydia Henning
Fred Fitzwilliam '95	Ida May Woods
J. G. Morris '01	Vera Killer
Maurice Ellis '13	Gladys Hertweck
Geneva Holman '18	Walter Goodwin
Melvin Stinchfield '11	Margaret Suttler
Arthur Nolan '13	Elizabeth Bushore
Florence Knapp '18	W. E. Auck
Glen Heard '12	Dorothy Lowe
Margret Holst '16	Frank Westa
Emory Stoner '17	Vera Thompson
Harry Doyle '08	Loucartha Pierce '15

OF LAST YEAR'S CLASS THE FOLLOWING ARE ATTENDING VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY:

Opal Williams
Jesse Wright
Myra Bartholomew
Newell Campbell
Walter Hiltpold
Leone Williams
Margery Chaffee
Lowell Dowdell
Mary Kinney
Dorothy Schernau
Mildred McCord
Kathryn Maxwell
Thelma Passow
Ella Schroeder
Carrie Mae Sergeant
Viola Specht
Carroll Sievers
Mildred Saylor

OTHERS ATTENDING SCHOOL ARE:

Dorothy Tousley, Gregg School, Chicago.
Ellen Arvin, Cincinnati School of Nursing.
Arthur Cloud, Oklahoma University.
Olive Dolson, Chicago University.
Esther Hughart, post-garduate V. H. S.
Lewis Fenton and Richard Leetz, Purdue.
Mary Jessee, Missionary Training School, Chicago.
Lois Palmer, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois.
Helen Schleman, Northwestern University.

THE FOLLOWING ARE INSTRUCTING THE YOUNG IDEA:

Hazel Butler
Mary Cobb
Lillian Darst
Jeanette Finney
Aida Foster
Hazel Johnson

OF THE REMAINDER:

Ivan Cole is at Szold's Department Store.
Emily Dille and Edith Wyman are at the Telephone Office.
Earl McMillan is at Palmer's Agency.
Harold Coulter and Harry Rigg are on farms.
Kathryn Fox is at Sievers' Drug Store.
John Fabing and Werner Hiltpold are at the mills, Gary.
Magdalene Gast is at the Valparaiso National Bank.
Helen Hanson is keeping books in Indiana Harbor.
Clair Maxwell is at the Maxwell Implement Co.
Franklin Rigg is working for the International Harvester Co., Harvey, Illinois.
Helga Lindholm is at Lewis E. Myers Co. office.
Enoch Huffman is working in his father's flour mill.
Katherine McAuliff is at home.
Lolita Shirer is married.
Agnes Matt is at the Vidette office.
Le Roy Stansell is at Lowenstines' Dept. Store.
Bruce Stansell is at the E. J. E. offices, Gary.
Louise Miller is a stenographer at a Gary hospital.

LORING J. LEPELL

Artist

THE Class of '21 has but one reason to envy any other class, and that reason is Loring Le Pell, member of the Class of '22, and our artist. His work shows great possibilities and it is easy to predict a bright future for him should he care to take up this line of work. Besides his ability, his willingness to accommodate and habituàl good humor have made his association with this staff a pleasure. We congratulate the Class of '22.

EDITORIAL
-STAFF-

VALENIAN STAFF

Top Row—	Dorothy Bartholomew	Jokes
	Ruth Blachly	Music
	Laura Neet	Assistant Editor
	Otis Sanford	Editor
	Thomas Morony	Business Manager
	Stephen Corboy	Assistant Business Manager
Second Row—	Edith Small	Society
	Phyllis Stinchfield	Dramatics
	George Hauff	Will
	Bartlett Marimon	Athletics
Bottom Row—	Anna Boryczko	Calendar
	Bessie Long	History
	Dorothy Williams	Prophecy
	Harold Wood	Typist
	Gillett Bowman	Photographer

"Write In My Book?"

"Thanks!"

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"Thanks!"

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